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SOMETHING
FUNNY

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MAZAGINE

NOVEMBER
No. 155

60¢

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LOOK INSIDE!

"SHARK BITE!"

AND

"STAR WARZ!"

POSTCARDS

READY TO MAIL!



SEVERIN

R-A-I-D.*

**SECURITY
SYSTEMS**

***ROVER: AN INVISIBLE DOG**

CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

THE GREATEST SEQUEL EVER MADE

Or: It seems to me I've heard that song before! 8

A CRACKED LOOK AT A BACKYARD BARBECUE

Only a hen would chicken-out on reading this one! 28

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE GARBAGE KING

Where we throw out some of our best lines at you! 45

THE CRACKED WORLD OF SUMMER

From an idea conceived by Mother Nature! 16

FREE BONUS POSTER!

Carefully detach complete cover at
staples and poster is ready for hanging!

SHUT-UPS

Close your jawz too! 50

IF U.F.O.'S EVER DO LAND

A make-believe situation with genuine laughs! 31

CRACKED PUTS THE BITE ON DRACULA

You'll laugh in vein at our no account Count! 22

A MODERN PARENT VS. A TRADITIONAL PARENT

Gap at the generation gap-rap! 34

VERMIN FIGHT BACK

Our repelling insect section! 28

YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN A TACKY BANK WHEN...

The bank guard reads CRACKED all day! 20

THE CRACKED INVESTIGATION OF THE U.F.O. PHENOMENON

A way-out view of some improbable probabilities! 13

FUNNIEST ISLAND

Where the CRACKED staff goes on summer vacation! 39

CRACKED Magazine is published monthly except February, April and June. Copyright 1978 by Major Magazines Inc., a Division of Candar Publishing Corporation, 235 Park Ave. S., New York, N.Y. 10003. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. Copyright 1978 by MAJOR MAGAZINES INC., a Division of Candar Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Publisher cannot be responsible for unsolicited letters, manuscripts or artwork although every effort will be made to return such matter when accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Single copy price, 60 cents. Subscription (9 issues) in the United States and possessions is \$5.40. PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES.

NOVEMBER 1978

No. 155



WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

Don't worry about the fin, Sylvester, it just happens to be attached to one of the biggest stars of the year. He's the shark from JAWZ II and if you read the story on page 6, you'll find he's a friend of all your favorite stars!!



WARNING
THIS ROOM
PROTECTED BY

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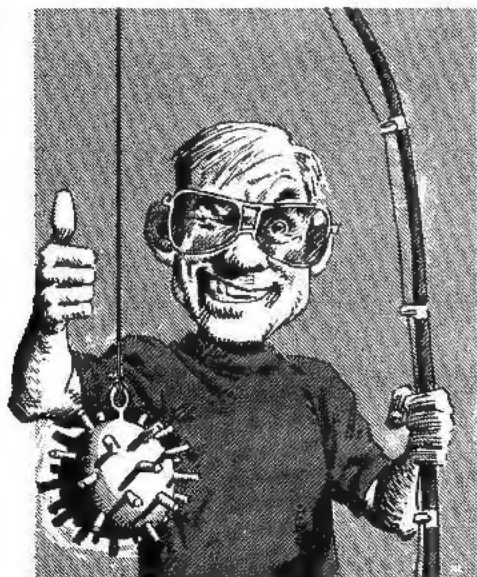
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LETTUCE from our Readers



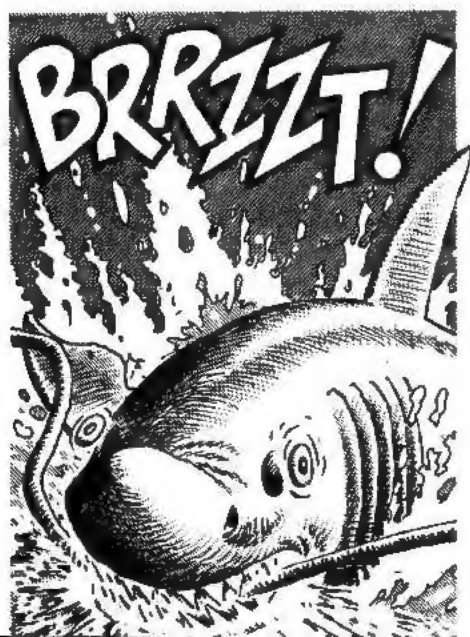
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003



Dear CRACKED,
As a lover of sharks, thanks so much for JAWS 2.

Milton Lewis
Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Milton,
Don't mention it—and if you haven't gotten your fill yet (and who has), why not check out our special EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SHARKS COLLECTORS' EDITION; on your newsstand now!



Dear CRACKED,
Wow! Is it true? I just saw CRACKED bubble gum cards in the store!

Frank Gruskoff
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Frank,
It sure is. Each package gives you a stick of gum to chew plus 8 cards and a sticker to collect. Or, if you're weird, 6 cards to chew and a wad of gum to collect!



Dear CRACKED,
Cloning: The Advantages and The Disadvantages was really funny.
Cloning: The Advantages and The Disadvantages was really funny.

Mark Lowell
Mark Lowell
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Mark and Mark,
Our thanks to both of you.

Dear CRACKED,
I've been meaning to write to you for a long time, but have kept putting it off because I didn't know what to say.
Linda Sheriden
Pierre, S. D.

Dear Linda,
We're so glad you got it straightened out!

Dear CRACKED,
How come you never give straight answers to any of these letters?
David La Rango
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear David,
Our secretary misplaced the office ruler.



Dear CRACKED,
Has any of the art in your magazine ever made it into one of America's great art museums?
David Berger
St. Petersburg, Fl.

Dear David,
All the time. Why just last week a copy of CRACKED was found lying on the floor in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art!

Dear CRACKED,
You know you're a skateboard freak when you read YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SKATEBOARD FREAK WHEN three times in a row.
Les Caldwell
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Les,
While on a skateboard, of course.

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #156
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
SEPTEMBER 26TH

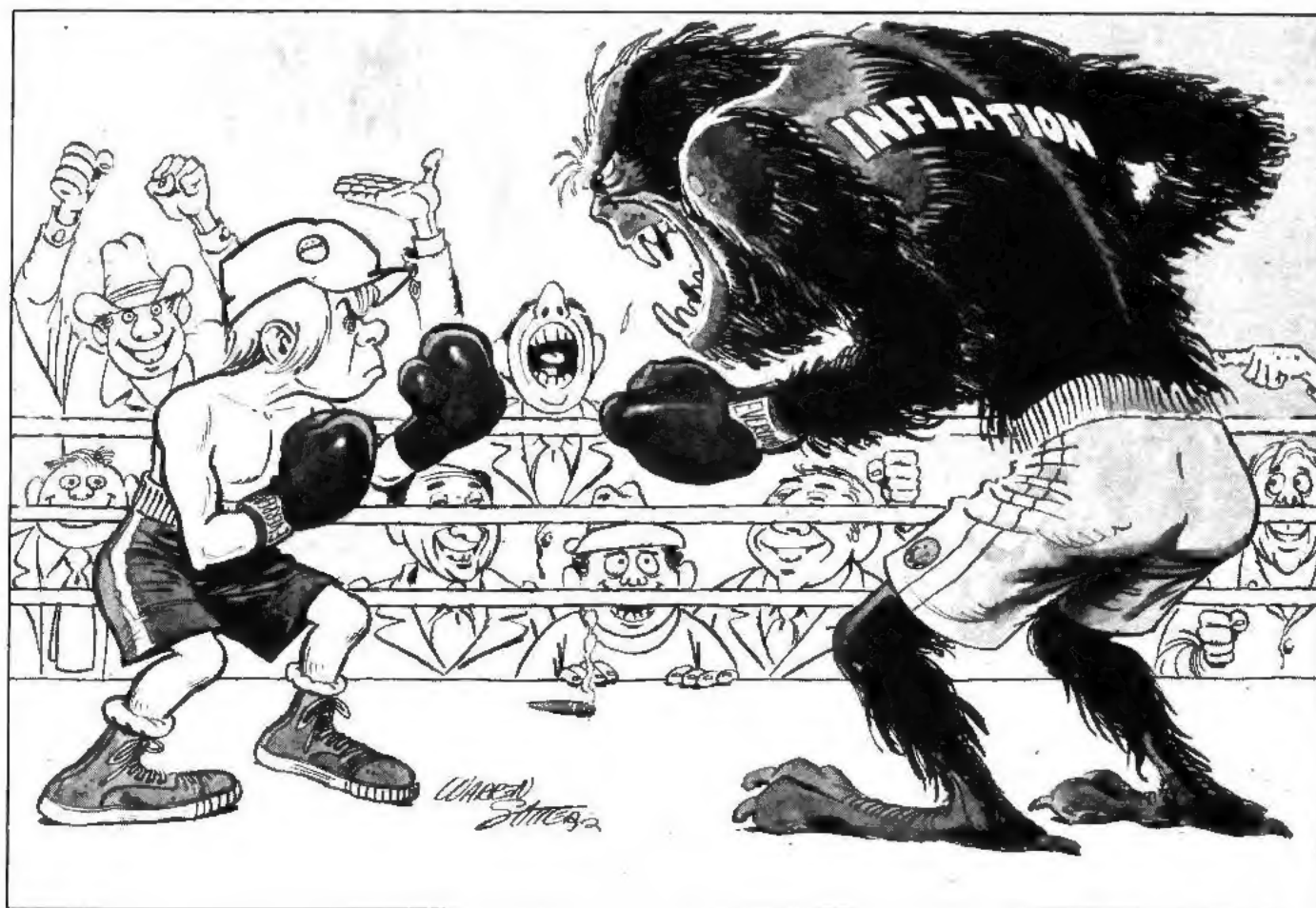


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One Day In The
Editorial Offices Of
CRACKED Magazine

Buzzby, look at this. **CRACKED #155** is all set
for the printer and we **still** don't have a **lead**
article. An **Idea**—we need an **idea**, Buzzby.

OK, how about **this** boss.
Since sequels are so **big**
these days, why don't
we create



THE GREATEST SEQUEL EVER MADE



After the above title is flashed,
we're ready to switch to the
offices of the Godfodder where
we pick up our tale.

Godfodder, I found this **tail** outside your
office, so I picked it up.

Forget that. It's your
base ball team
I wanna discuss. I've
been the owner of the
Bad News Bores for 3
years now and...

I know! We've
never won
a game.

I could **live** with that if it wasn't for
the fact you even **lost** last night—
playing yourselves!!

There's only one solution—I'm
hiring a new coach who'll **re-**
vamp your entire team.
Calamary—**send him in!**



SEVERIN

Ahhhhh!
...That...
that's...

Bruce, The Great White—your new mascot. I figure he can give our team the **bite** it needs. And running around next to him is your new coach—**Sheriff Bromo**.



Quick!!...Everybody out of the water—hurry!



And so Bromo and Bruce go about recruiting new members for the losing ball team.

R2D2, you've **done** it again. We were supposed to go out to buy **Master Skystalker** his morning paper, but somehow you **jettied** us to **another planet**.

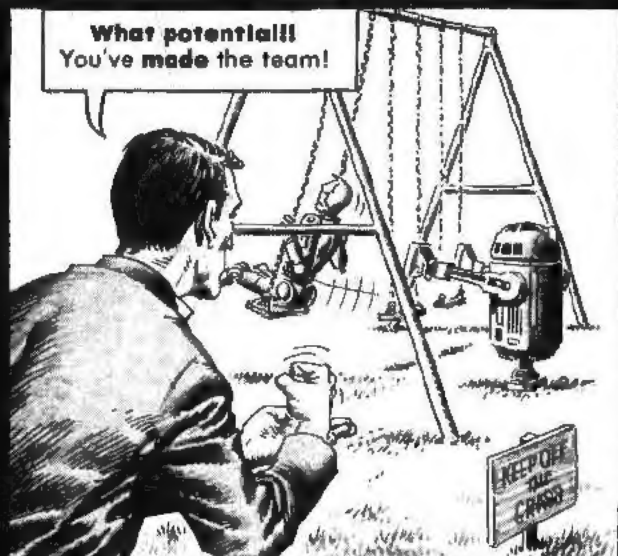
Hi there kids—I like your tin coats. You and your brother there know how to play ball?

Ball? Oh, I'm not sure, sir. But I think we can be **pre-programmed** to learn.

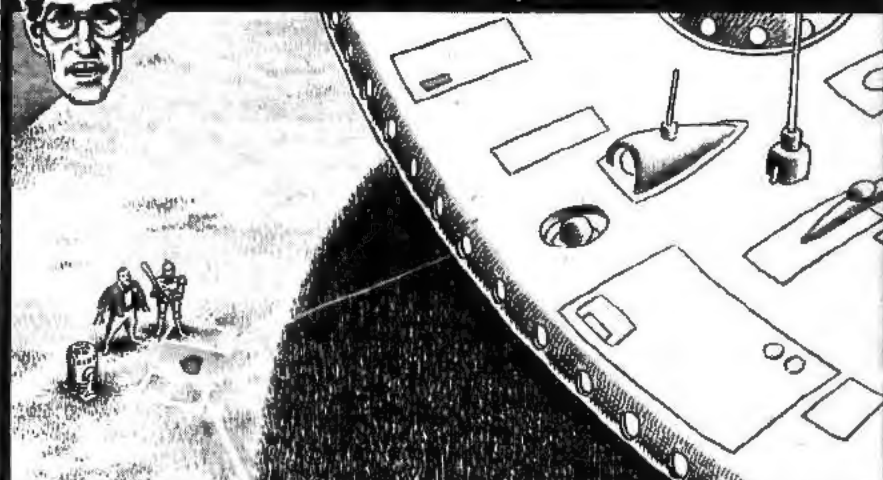


Programmed?... Well look. Go over there and let me see you swing.

What potential!!!
You've made the team!



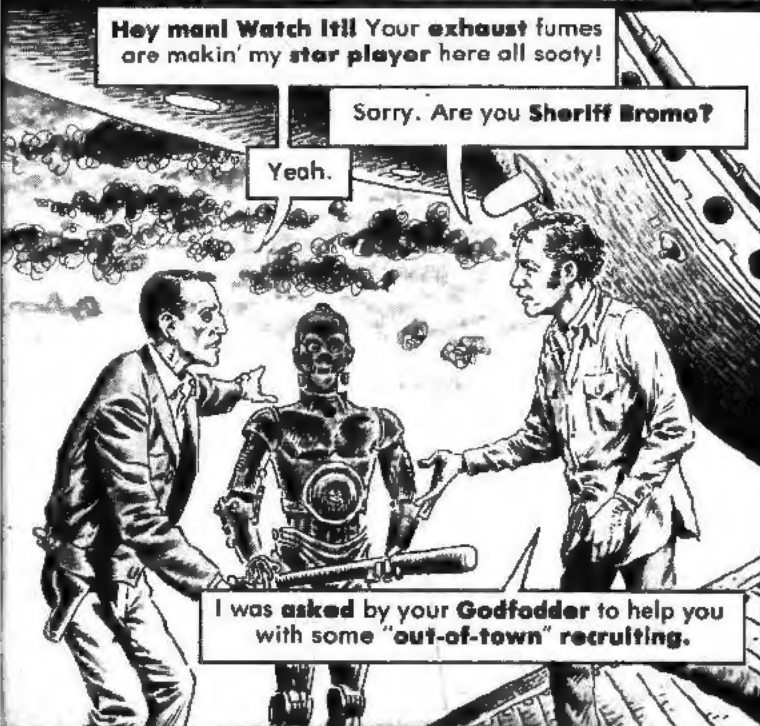
OK, we've got the readers hooked, so now, suddenly, from out of the sky we introduce.



Hey man! Watch It!! Your **exhaust fumes** are makin' my **star player** here all sooty!

Sorry. Are you **Sheriff Bromo**?

Yeah.



I was asked by your **Godfodder** to help you with some "**out-of-town**" recruiting.

Exactly what do you need?

Yes, I know that, but what's the **major weakness** of your team?

Ball-players.

Ballplaying.

Oh, I see. Let me just **lot** that down—**most** positions are open... All right, I'll see what I can do.



I REMEMBER THIS GUY FROM SOMEWHERE!

OK you guys! Now let's try some... **HEY! YOU, OVER THERE. GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR.**

Relax. I was only lookin' at your engine.

But you pulled it out from underneath my hood.

Yeah, well I forgot my glasses and was just movin' it closer so I don't strain ma eyes.

Who are you anyway?

Dandy Zooko.

Oh, that greasy kid. You know how to use a baseball bat?

A little. I once beat up a gum machine with one.

Close enough. How'd you like to join my little league team?

I'm kinda big, ain't I?

How'd you like to spend the next 63 years in prison for loitering with the intent to steal my engine?

Meanwhile on the planet Scuppernong.

Greetings, Scuppernongians. I return in peace.

Welcome back to our planet, Royboy. What have you come for this time?

Your son. I think he'd make an excellent fielder for my Godfodder's little league team.

What position do you want me to play?

Are you sure?

Quite.

And as Royboy travels back, Sheriff Bromo has run across yet another prospective player whom he decides to test.

OK, the play's at second. Quick Chewie, throw it. Throw it.

Not the base, you clone—the ball. The ball.

WHAP!

Bruce, I just don't know what to do about this team. I...

I'll teach you. Take that—and that—and...

WAK!

Hey, break it up. Break it up.

WAK!

I want **you** and **you** to stop this... wait a minute.
That's a **water fountain**.

Yeah. It **sprayed** me in the **eye**, so I
was **beatin'** it up.

I don't like **violence**.

Why, you got something **against**
stringed instruments?

Not **violins**—**violence**!!

Sorry **punk**, but I'm **runnin'** you in for **assaulting**
a **public drinking fountain**.

But **Sheriff**, **please!** I got **two turtles** to
support at home. Any **punishment** but that!

All right—you can **play** on my **little**
league team instead.

Oh **tanks**, **Sheriff**—and to
show you my **appreciation**,
I'm gonna **talk** my **buddy**
into **signin'** up too. He's
da **guy** **standin'** over **dere**
by dose **two girl scouts**—
samplin' **dere cookies**.

I don't see any
girl scouts—just
some **blob**.

Uh oh. **Somethin'** tells
me he went a little
overboard with his
samplin'.

And so the **Bores** had a
whole new team.

BAD NEWS BORE
SPONSORED BY
CORLEONE
OLIVE OIL CO.

which, at last was on
its way to a winning season.
Their **fielding** was **exceptional**.



And when it failed, other assets
of the team were used

And it's a **slow dribble-hit** down
the **third base** line. The **Tiger's #26**
is running to first—there's the
throw—he **slides**...

SO LONG,
SUCKER.

And he's **OUT**... as the **Bore's**
first **baseman** **eats** him just
seconds **before** touching the
bag. What a **play**!!

Finally, the team wins the
championship and is flown
to **Japan** for the **Little League**
World Series.

That was one **coffee**, an **oil malted**
and a **dozen dead flies**.



But before landing, catastrophe strikes.

Your attention please. A mad bomber has blown a hole in the rear of our aircraft at almost the same moment as our collision with a Concord 747. We are losing altitude and should be crashing into flames in about 5 seconds. Except for this minor inconvenience, we hope you've enjoyed flying Crumbun Airlines and, should you survive, we hope you'll fly with us again real soon.

Quick, Bruce. Into the water. You've got to save the team... We can't crash... Godfodder will be very angry—all of our team's uniforms are rented.



Good work, Bruce. Here, have this yummy as a reward.

Sheriff, dat yummy you gave him—dose were my turtles.

Oh! Sorry, Rocky.

Finally, they arrive and check into their hotel rooms.

Coach, I know our team's traveling on a tight budget...

SPLASH!

...but this room you got us is ridiculous.

CROAK ROOM

Men, today's the big game. I wish I had something inspiring to say...

How 'bout tellin' us how Ban fights wetness!

I said inspiring, Rockhead, not perspiring.

Oh... Sorry Coach.

Complain! Complain! Complain!
Your hook is padded, isn't it?

Now, let's get out there and

FIRE!

Oh no. Sir, this 122-floor, luxury hotel has turned into a flaming inferno.

Bring those fire hoses down around here and—hey, it's you.

Well, hi there.

You designed the last inferno me and my men had to put out.

I know . . . and I apologize. However, to make it up to you, this time, I came prepared to help.

Sir, there's a ball team trapped in a coat room on the 111th floor.

Did you try getting them out?

I did sir, but I didn't have enough change to tip the check girl with.

What luck.

I'm afraid that the ball team is just gonna have to burn. We can't put the fire out and this time there's no water tanks on top of the building to save us.

Wait!! Would a huge wind be enough to smother those flames?

I think so.

OK—wheel him in!

Good work, Kong.

How'd you trick him into blowing the fire out without eating everyone inside?

We told him it was his birthday and that was the candle on his cake.

That was a close one—and with only 11 minutes to go before game time. Quick! Let's get over to that stadium so we can . . .

DOM

**PRAY
BAWR!**

OK, CPO. Nobody
gets on base today.



The game progresses until finally
one out remains.

R2D2, the score's 5-0, there's 2 out
and you're the winning run.

BEEP BLIP BEEUP

How do I figure that? Well, there's
the talking blob on first, CPO on
second, and three men on third.

BLIP BLIP BEEP BLIP

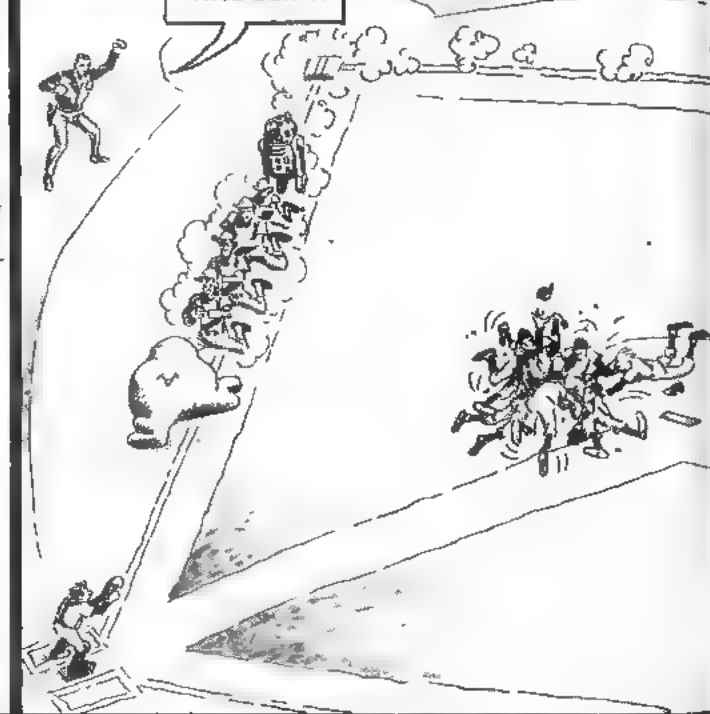
Of course it's legal! —Anything
is legal when it comes to
creating a dramatic ending!



Except maybe him.



Nice bunt!!



And as the team chants "We're No. 1," we flash "THE
END" onto our last panel and fade to black. Well, what
do you think?

Think? Why. Buzzby, it's great... sensational!
In fact, I think it's so good—let's plan a sequel
to it!

Do you think
there's a
market for it?

NO!!

MERCY!!

NEVER!!

NO MORE
SEQUELS,
PLEASE!!

LET'S SEE SOMETHING
ORIGINAL FOR A
CHANGE!!!

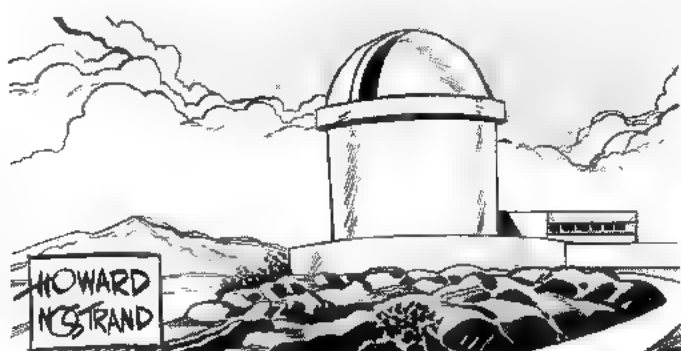
A sequel?

TH'END



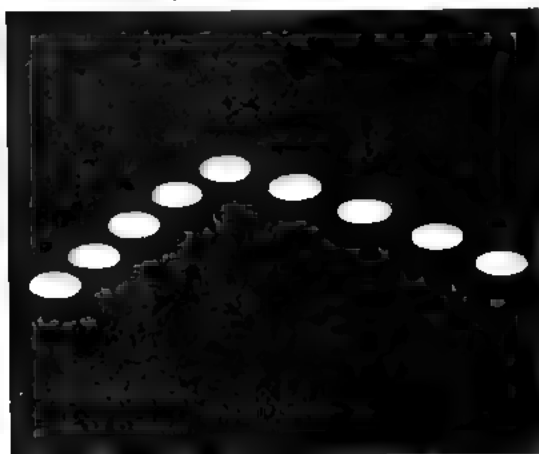
Because of movies such as *Close Encounters* and TV shows like *Project UFO*, there has been much in the news lately on whether or not these flying objects really exist. Well, recently **THIS** magazine (the one you're reading now, dummy) sent out a team of experts to look into the matter. And after endless questioning, picture-taking and torturing of witnesses (in research lasting well over 11 minutes) we put together our findings in one compact report entitled

THE CRACKED INVESTIGATION OF THE UFO PHENOMENON

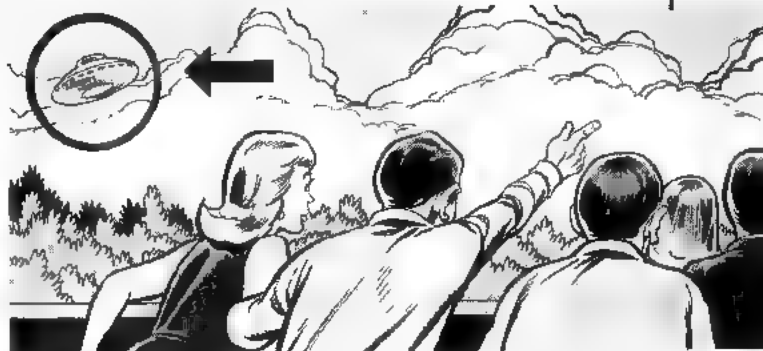


Our investigation began here at the Wakefield Planetarium where, since it's opening in 1970, over 200 UFO sightings have been reported **inside** the building alone!

...followed later by an entire fleet of flashing, bright objects. (see photo below)



OCTOBER 19, 1978: Another sighting. According to N.Y.U. student, Steve Jackson, when he first spotted the above UFO he had **barely** enough time to **run** back home, **get** his keys, **hop** in his car, **drive** to his dorm, **grab** his camera, **drive** back to the planetarium, and **snap** this photo virtually seconds before the last falling object **disappeared** behind a grove of trees.



OCTOBER 16, 1978: The first UFO to be sighted **outside** the planetarium! High atop the observatory deck, U.C.L.A. astronomy students stared in amazement at a passing UFO...

In a public interview, Sheriff Mel Kayway simply shrugged them off as being a flock of **flashlight-wielding geese** flying south for the winter.

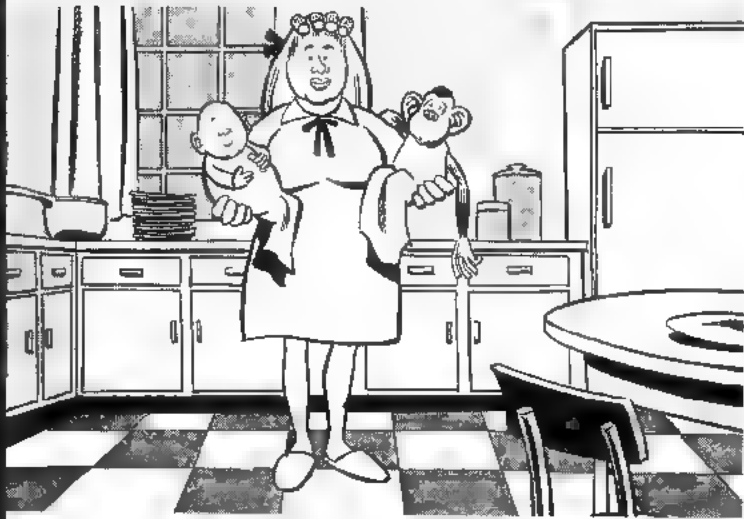


On the same night in another location, **Mickey Mental**, recently released from the Newark Institution for the Hopelessly Insane, said he was there when the falling saucer landed and that an unearthly being was at the controls. Even during a polygraph test, Mental **still** claimed he could see the little green-eyed creature—**despite** being blindfolded.

After investigating the case, immigration official, Emma Grant was positive that the green-eyed creature which Mental had seen was an **out-of-towner**... perhaps even from another solar system. Or, as Mental put it, an **"illegal alien."**



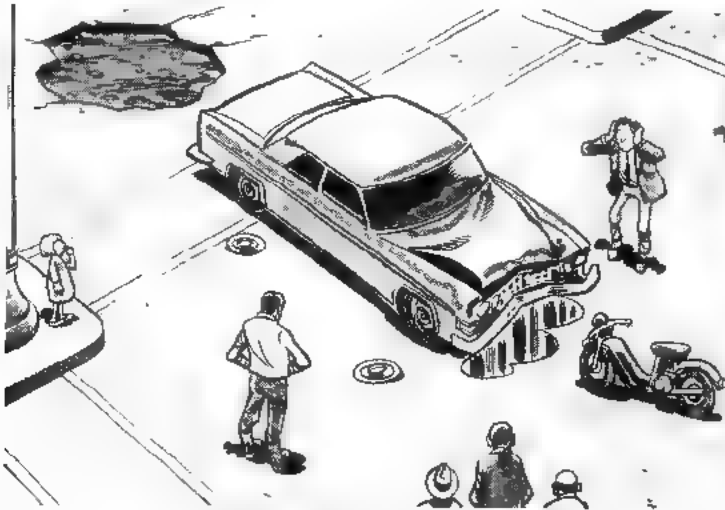
MERE COINCIDENCE?



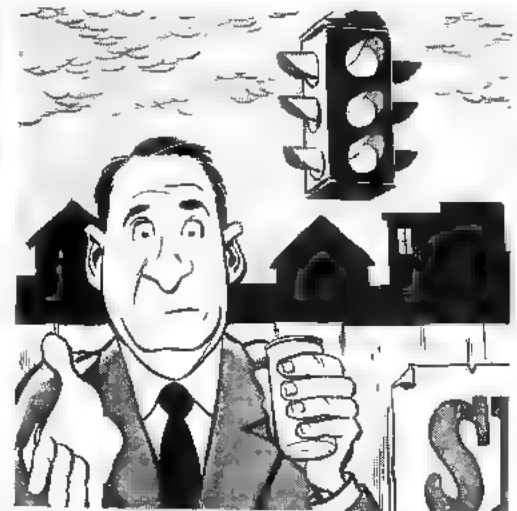
Meanwhile, in still another part of town, while Mickey Mental was having his alleged Martian encounter, Mrs. Mental was giving birth to a pair of **baby boys**, even though she had not been pregnant! Were the children a coincidence—or just figments of everyone's imagination??



Several days later, Dr. Sanford of M.I.T. examined x-rays of a humanoid head found in the same swamp where Mental had spotted the three-eyed creature. Said Dr. Sanford "This is unlike **any** human skull I have **ever** seen. It **had** to come from **another** planet."



Another strange occurrence on the night of Mental's alien confrontation was this collision that occurred at an intersection one-half mile away.



One of the drivers in the wreck, **Mack Truk**, claimed that upon entering the intersection, he was distracted by a red, green and yellow flashing light in the sky

Although most UFO landing sites are discovered in remote areas, Air Force officials can find no logical explanation for this huge depression found close behind Mr. Truk's damaged Cadillac. The **incredible depth** of the crater indicates it could **not** have been caused by the two colliding vehicles.

In addition, lying only inches from the front wheel of the first car, Air Force Investigators found a **metallic object**, part of what they believe to be the **remains** of the **saucer** which made the unexplained crater

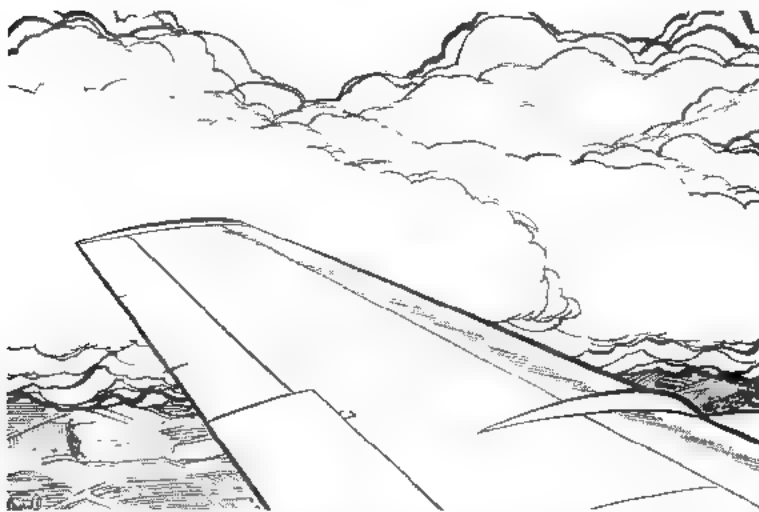




And in still a fourth part of town on that same fateful night, Foster Walker was strolling down a Manhattan alley between 2 high-rise parking garages when he snapped **this** incredible photo.



Several witnesses, including Walker, say they saw a **strange man emerge** from the grounded vehicle on the roof of one of the buildings. After months of studies, a UFO investigative team disclosed that the man has **no home, no family, no military record, and in fact, no birth record.** For this reason **many** of his fellow employees at Bernie's Garage have **serious doubts** as to whether he **actually exists.**

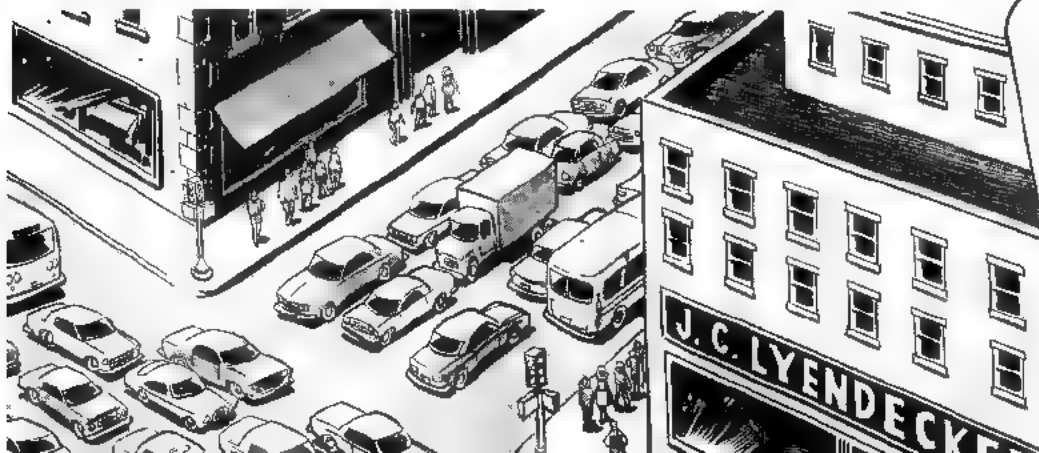


OCTOBER 16, 1978: Amateur photographer Camera-on Mitchell took this picture while sunning himself on the wing of a 747 during a recent flight to Miami. The unusual shot was taken just **seconds** after a disc-shaped aircraft passed **out of the range** of his viewfinder.



At first Mitchell (above) was hesitant to bring the photo to proper authorities for **fear of public ridicule** (and understandably so, as Mitchell is certainly **no ace** with the camera.)

During the same flight, Mitchell also shot this aerial photograph of New York City at the time of the reported UFO landing. At that **precise moment** (as photo clearly shows) traffic throughout the metropolitan area was at a **complete standstill.** Was this the result of a UFO—or did it have something to do with the fact that rush hour traffic is **always** like that in New York?



CONCLUSIONS:
After studying all of the evidence presented here, our CRACKED team of experts has come up with the following conclusion:
"The price of paper for these reports is outrageous!"

THE CRACKED

Well, this is it.
Your **first day of camp!**

You be sure and
take care of
yourself.

It's **great** being
out in the woods
backpacking again.

Yech. I've been
waiting **all year**
for this

I actually **missed** the
taste of **freeze-dried**
food and **hiking** to
the **tops** of mountains.

And not **shaving** or
washing for a week!
What a life! ...Could
you **hand** me that **stake?**

And if
it **rains**,
wear your
slicker.

And if it **stops** raining,
take it **off** so you
don't **sweat** and **rot**
the **rubber!**

For **once**, **Harry** came
with us to the **beach**
and little **Petie** is
so **thrilled**.

It is. In fact, right now **Harry**
is letting little **Petie** **bury**
him in the **sand**—oh, I bet
he **remembers** this day for a
long time to come.

Well, it's **good** for
fathers and **sons**
to **do** things
together.

and **do** what your **counselor**
tells you.

And son if you
remember, how **baut**
writing us.

Do I have
to **dad?**

READ
CRACKED

SAND
GRAVEL
COMPANY

I'm sure he will.

This summer,
Eileen, you can
help me with
the **garden**.

Sure **Grandma**.

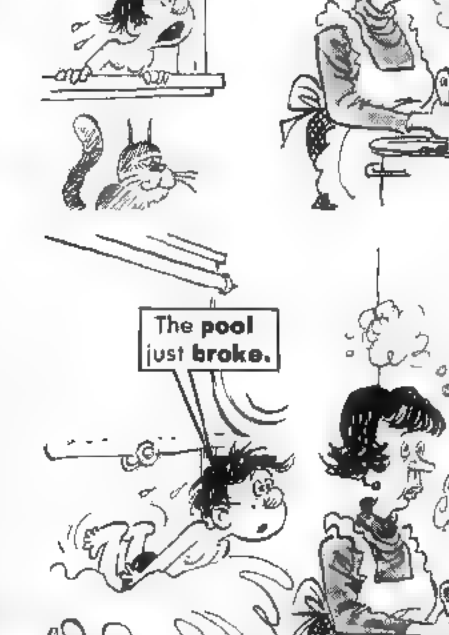
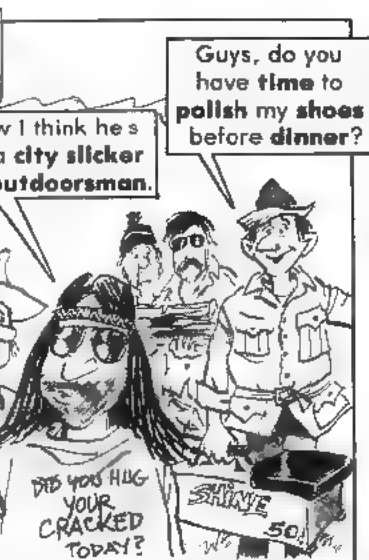
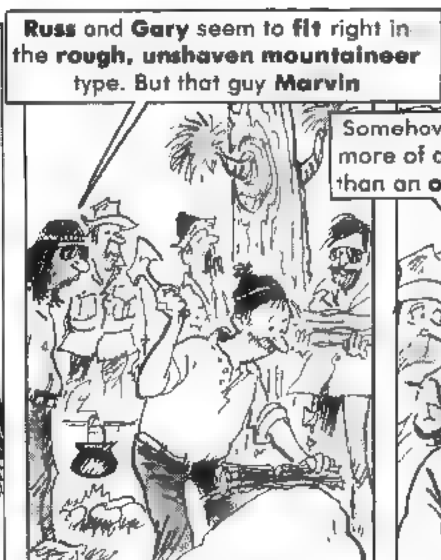
First, we've got
to **turn over** the
soil with the
shovels and **hoes**.

And then we
pluck out all
the **weeds**.

I'll be
home by
4:30!

WIGGLY WORM

WORLD OF SUMMER





And this morning our final day, we'll be walking alongside a replica of Paul Revere's horse tracing the route of his famous mid-night ride.

Well, Stanley, our 7-day bus tour of 23 states is almost over. It was fun, wasn't it?

Yeah. But it'll be nice getting back to work on Monday.

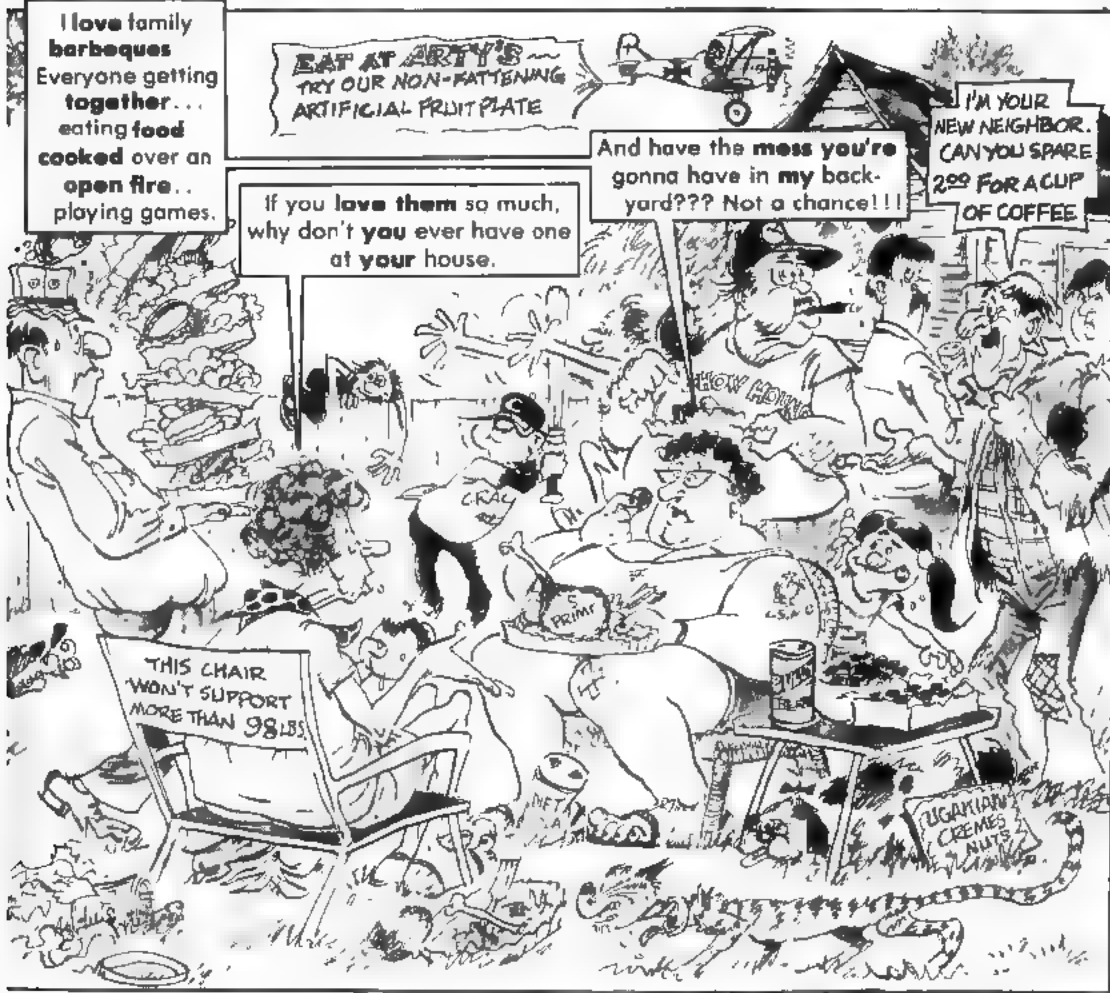
Please, folks, keep a healthy pace or the horse will get away from us.

I can use the rest



Excuse me, Ma'am. Would you like your grass trimmed?

JOEY CATALANO
GRASS STYLIST



I love family barbeques. Everyone getting together... eating food cooked over an open fire... playing games.

EAT AT ARTY'S
TRY OUR NON-FATTENING
ARTIFICIAL FRUIT PLATE

If you love them so much, why don't you ever have one at your house.

And have the mess you're gonna have in my backyard??? Not a chance!!!

I'M YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR.
CAN YOU SPARE
299 FOR A CUP
OF COFFEE?

THIS CHAIR
WON'T SUPPORT
MORE THAN 98 LBS

TUGA-KIAN
CREMES
NUTS



You know what the best thing about summer is?

What?



Racketball?

Too noisy.

I give up!! Go back and sit around the pool. you're hopeless!

I mean it! Some people just don't know how to exercise.

MADE IN
BEACH COUNTRY CLUB



Fall isn't far behind.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN A

...the ballpoint pens aren't chained to the desks, but the tellers are!



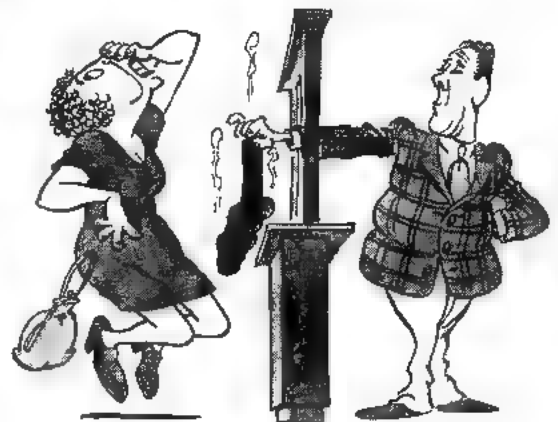
...the bank president always keeps a car running in the back alley!



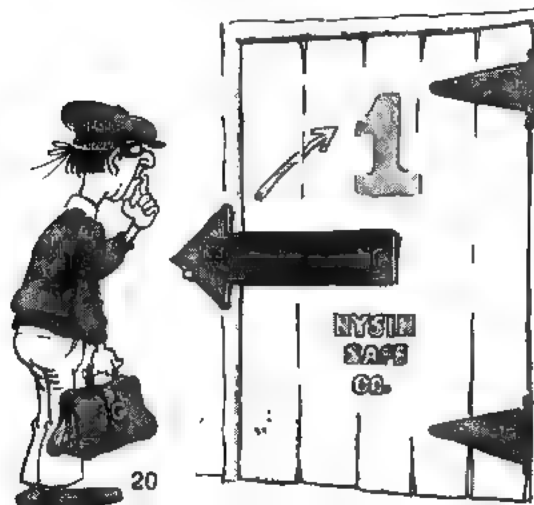
...the banks armored car doubles as a fresh fruit stand!



...the coins are rolled up in old socks!



...the combination to the safe is one number!



...printed on the outside of every safety deposit box are the words "Thom McCann 8 1/2 Triple E."



...the banks pays interest from "day of deposit to day of embezzlement!"



TACKY BANK WHEN...

...the hidden security camera is a Kodak Instamatic!



...the bank can't break a twenty!



...the bank guard's gun leaks water!



CRACKED is returning a pound cake to the store because it weighs less than a pound!

...the bank's only records are the soundtrack to Star Wars and Vic Damone, Live at the Copal



...you ask for change of a ten and get back two fours and a three!



...you ask for a student loan and two days later they loan you one!



...the tellers wear masks to conceal their identity!

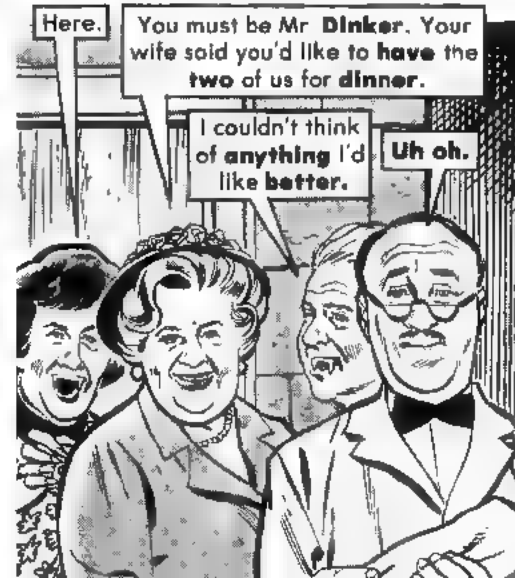
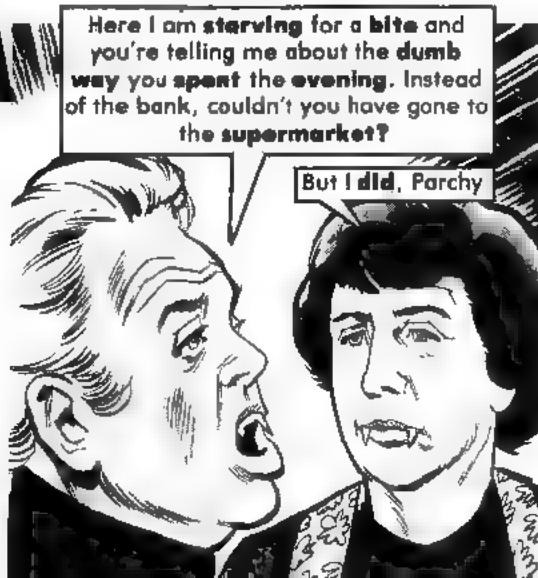
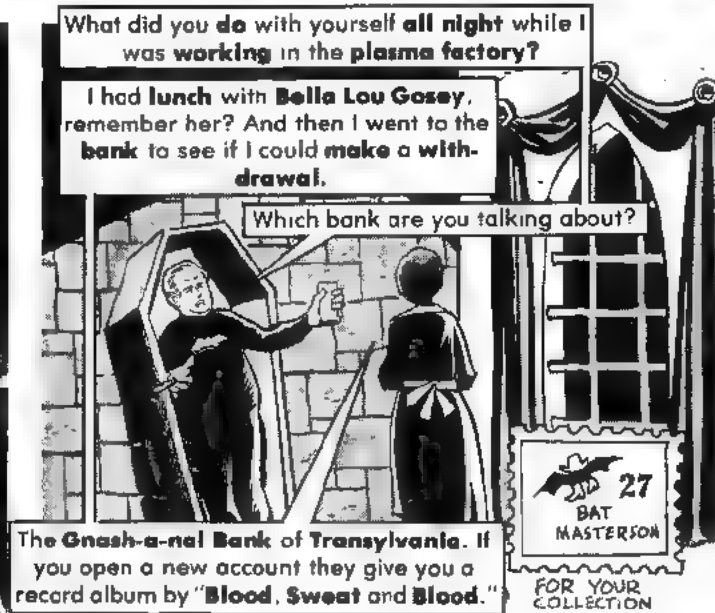
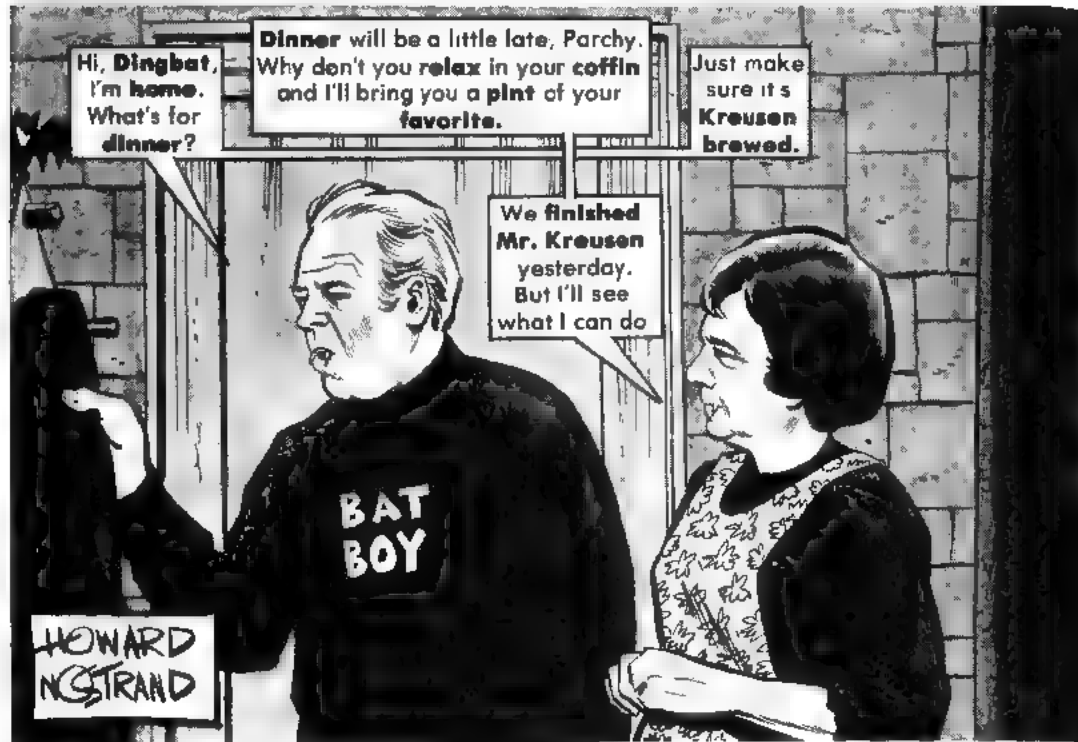


With TV writers always looking for new blood for the boob, we might one day see a Dracula-inspired situation comedy—ALL IN THE BELFRY.

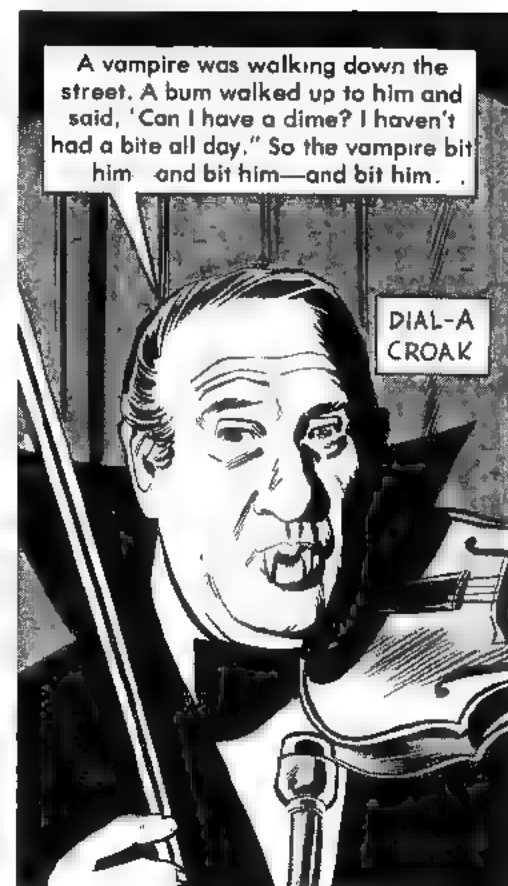


Do you suffer from iron deficiency anemia? Do you have tired blood? If your answer is yes... it could be due to the fact that Dracula is all over town lately. The old no account, Count has returned in plays, movies and TV dramas with a fatal attraction for a whole new generation. Everyone is going batty over the lusty old vampire. And if this fascination with the not so dear departed continues, CRACKED predicts that Dracula will be draining even more profits from the cultural scene. Where will it all lead us to? You'll soon find out as

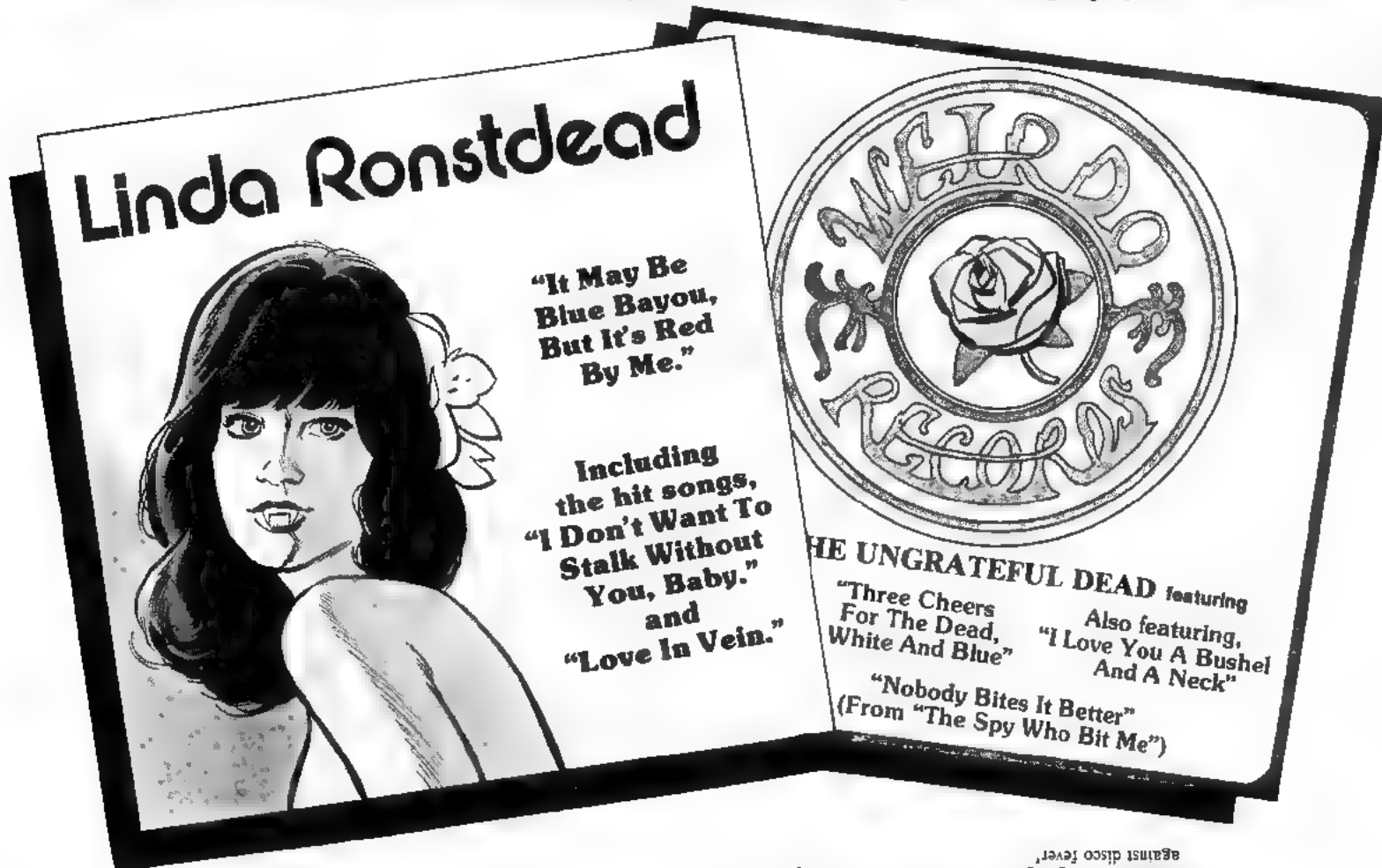
CRACKED PUTS THE BITE ON DRACULA



And also on the horizon are vampire-inspired comedians.



And let's not overlook these vampire-inspired albums that may soon be flying up the charts.



CRACKED is asking a songwriter which he writes first... the lyrics or the words!

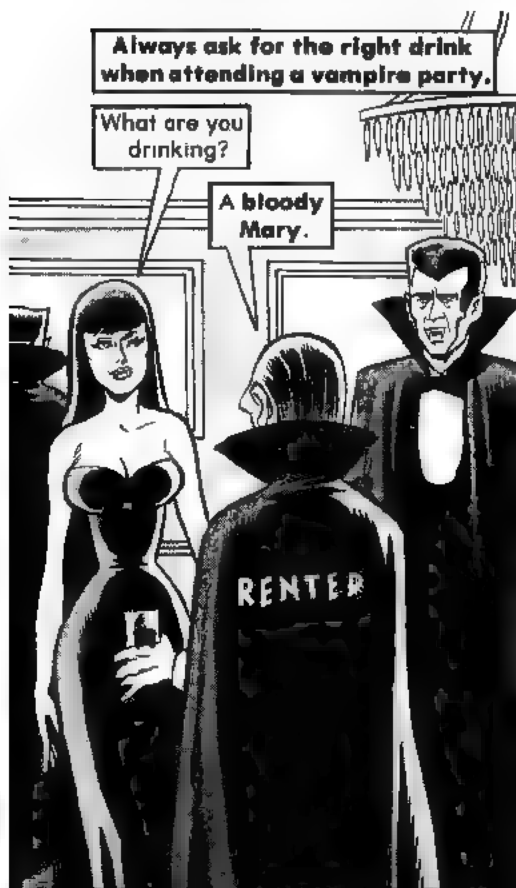


And these famous vampire sayings will soon be sweeping the nation.





And finally, with vampires and vampiresses very much in Vogue (also in Red Book and Harper's Bizarre,) it won't be long before everyone will want to get into the act. How? Just remember these three things.



Well, summer is back with us again and the odds of you turning nice and brown are probably ten to one. It's also the time of year when people get together and eat outside and do all the off-the-wall things you'll

A CRACKED LOOK AT A



Of course, summer is more than just Coppertone and the beach.
And them doing here, as we take

BACKYARD BARBECUE

Uncle Henry
brushing off
plate before
passing it?

Tell me, Melinda,
what do you plan
to do when you get
to be as big as
your mother?

How long has
your father
been working
for my father?

Ever since
he threatened
to fire him

That Joey
is such a klutzy—
even while
playing
volleyball.

What's
he
doing?

Serving
the
ball!

Force of habit—
it's an umpire!

Diet!

Why are you
chasing Rover
and Walter all
over the yard,
Michael?

So we can have
some hot dogs
with dinner.

And pollution—
it costs
taxpayers
millions
each year.

Well, it just
goes to prove—
grime doesn't pay!

Did you hear
what they awarded
the inventor of
the door knocker?

You've never
been to one
of Harold's
barbecues
before?!!

No, I was
sick the last
two times.

Oh, then you
have been
to one!

Oh! That
kind of
pool!

Wasn't
it the
no bell
prize?

Oh my gosh!
What's that
flying
in the
salad?

Committing suicide
if you ask me!

Your parents
have had the
pool for 16
years!—Why
don't they
trade it in?

Because dad
believes that
there's no pool
like an old pool!

Billy, where's your
little brother?
Is he OK? I don't
see him!...He
can't swim!

Why are you
planting
that dollar
bill?

I wanna
see my
money
grow.

Relax ma.
I got him—
right here
by the hand!

First came super rats who developed an immunity to poisons. And one day other unwanted pests could develop similar defense mechanisms. Up until now mankind has been winning the war against pests, but all this may soon change when...

VER

SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, MOUSE TRAPS HAVE BEEN CLOBBERING MICE.



WARRIOR SMITH

BY THE YEAR 2000, MICE MIGHT DEVELOP AN EXTRA LAYER OF BONE ON THEIR HEADS SIMILAR TO TURTLE SHELLS...



... THAT WAY WHEN A MOUSE TRAP CLOBBERS THEM, THEY WON'T FEEL A THING.



SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, MEN HAVE BEEN SLAPPING MOSQUITOES.

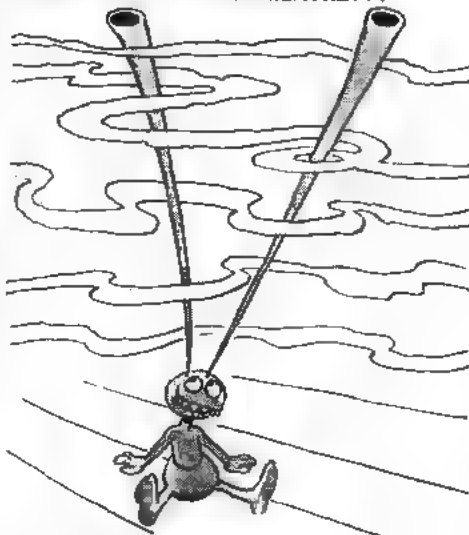


TO GET RID OF TERMITES, MODERN MAN FUMIGATES.

FUTURE MOSQUITOES WILL PROBABLY DEVELOP EXTRA LONG FLEXIBLE SNOOTS...



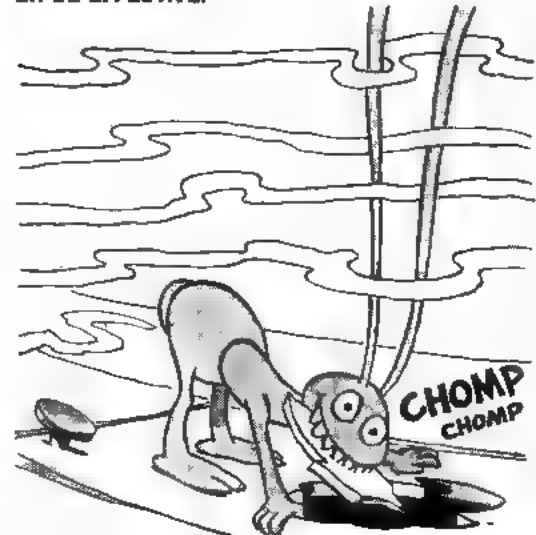
BUT SOMEDAY, TERMITES MIGHT DEVELOP HOLLOW ANTENNAS ON THEIR HEADS, LIKE SNORKELS, WHICH WILL FILTER THE AIR THEY BREATHE...



... ALLOWING THEM TO BITE PEOPLE WITHOUT GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE SLAPPED.

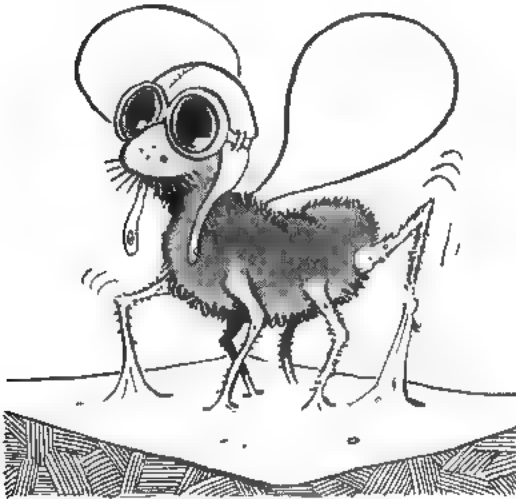


... THEN FUMIGATION WILL NO LONGER BE EFFECTIVE.



MIN FIGHT BACK

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, FLIES HAVE BEEN GETTING STUCK ON FLY-PAPER.



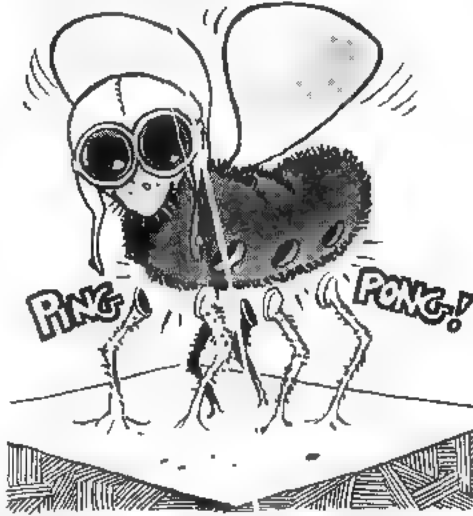
FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN STEPPING ON ANTS ACCIDENTALLY AND SQUASHING THEM.



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWATTING MOTHS FOR CENTURIES.



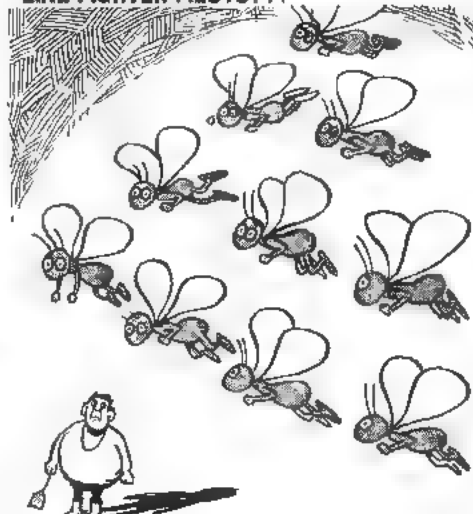
HOWEVER, IN THE NEAR FUTURE, FLIES MAY DEVELOP DETACHABLE LANDING GEAR THAT GROW BACK...



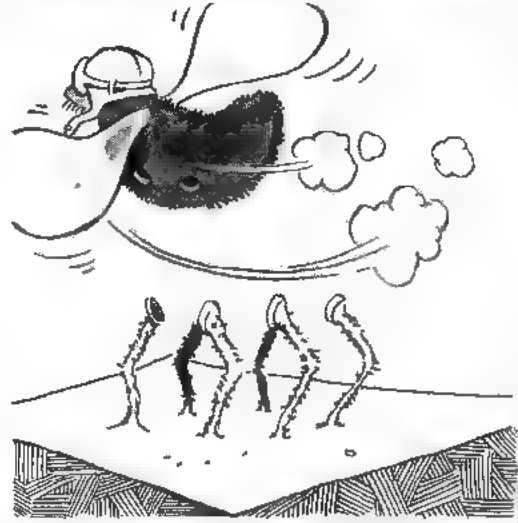
MODERN ANTS WILL HAVE THE STRENGTH TO LIFT OBJECTS MANY TIMES THEIR OWN WEIGHT AND SIZE. OVER MANY GENERATIONS, FUTURE ANTS MAY CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN SIZE...



BUT MOTHS OF THE SPACE-AGE GENERATION COULD LEARN TO FLY IN FORMATION AND USE EVASIVE TACTICS LIKE FIGHTER PILOTS...



...THEN, WHEN CAUGHT, THEY'LL SIMPLY LIFT OFF AND ESCAPE.



...UNTIL THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF HUMAN BEINGS STANDING ON THEIR BACKS.



...MAKING SWATTING PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.



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CHAOS LATER!**



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NAME

ADDRESS

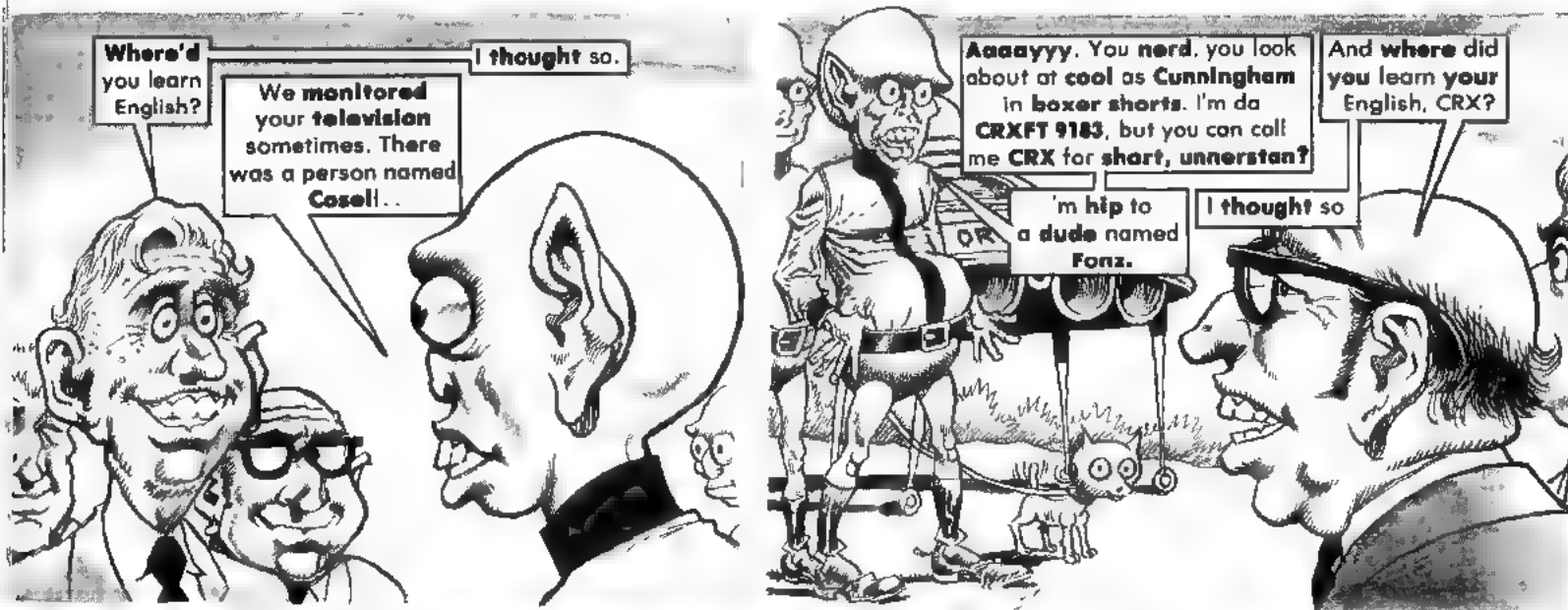
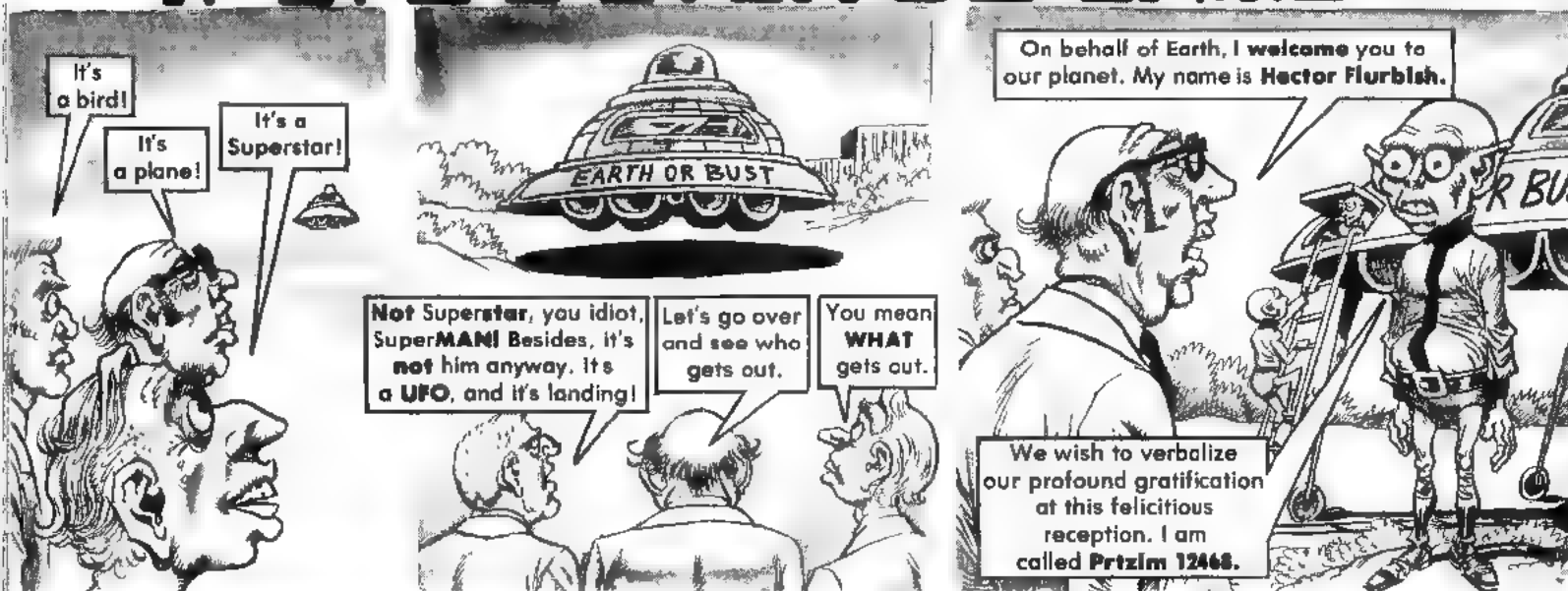
CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

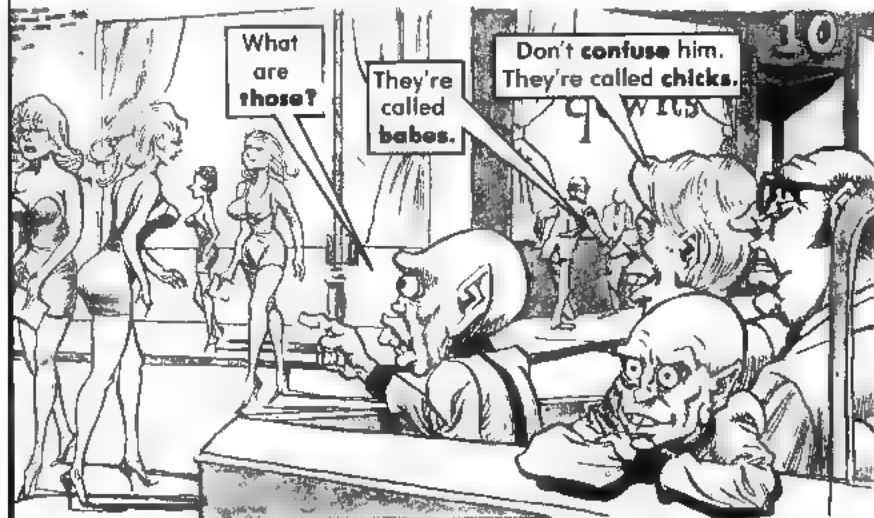
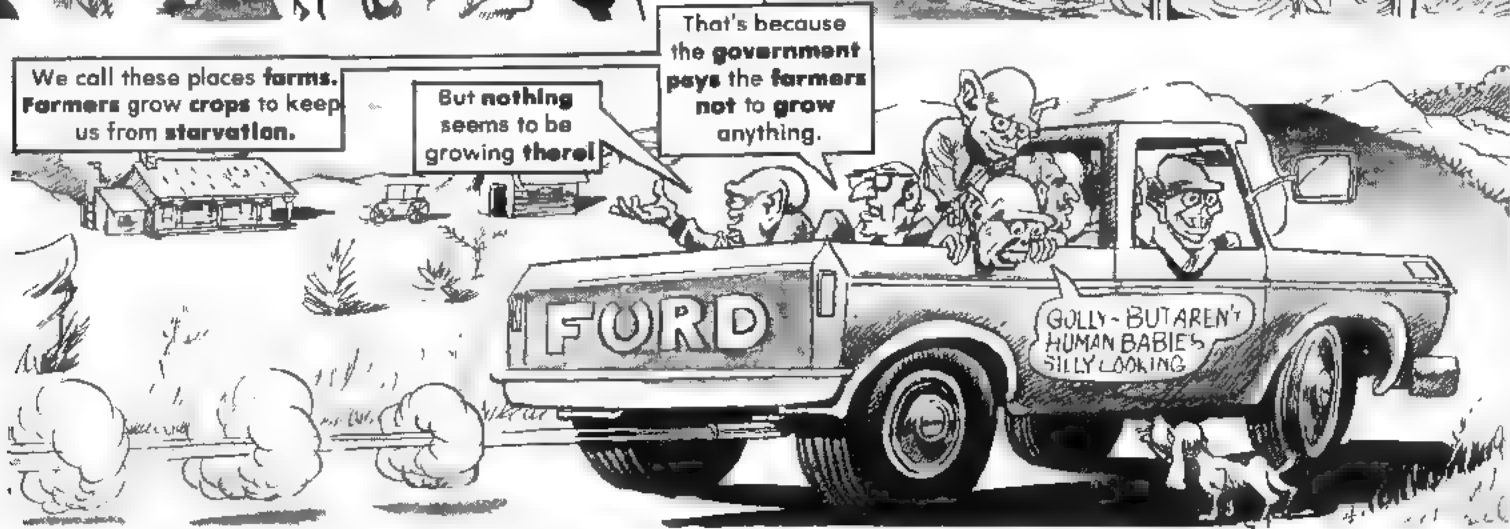


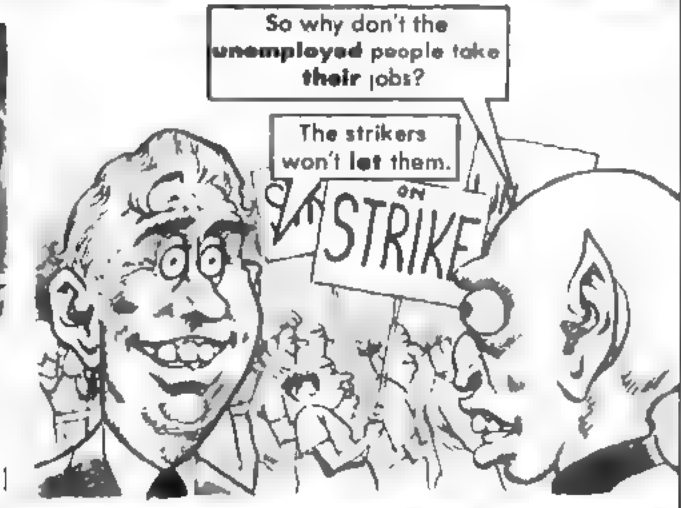
REMEMBER—Add 40¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.

Lots of people claim they've seen UFO's, but so far there isn't any "hard" evidence that those strange craft have landed anywhere. But that doesn't mean they won't...some day. If it happens, what will our visitors from outer space think of us? Here's what might actually take place

IF UFO'S EVER DO LAND







A MODERN PARENT VS. A TRADITIONAL PARENT

MODERN

FOOD

What would you like for dinner? **Chicken?** ..Or if you don't want chicken, **Mummy** could **run out** and get you a **pizza** or maybe...



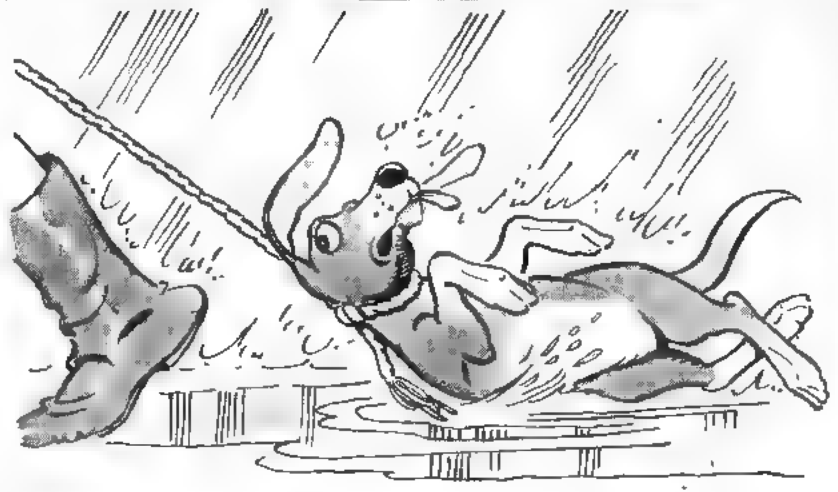
TRADITIONAL

Chicken! ..Blah I'm **not** in the mood for chicken!

Does **this** put you more in the mood for it?



PETS

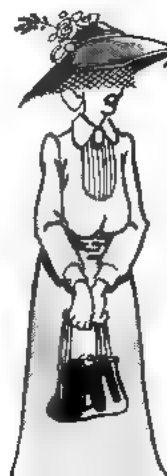


DRESS

Like my outfit, **Hether?**

It's really **with-it** mom but do you think it's the **right** thing to wear to **Kenny's** confirmation?

Do you think it's too **daring** for the party?



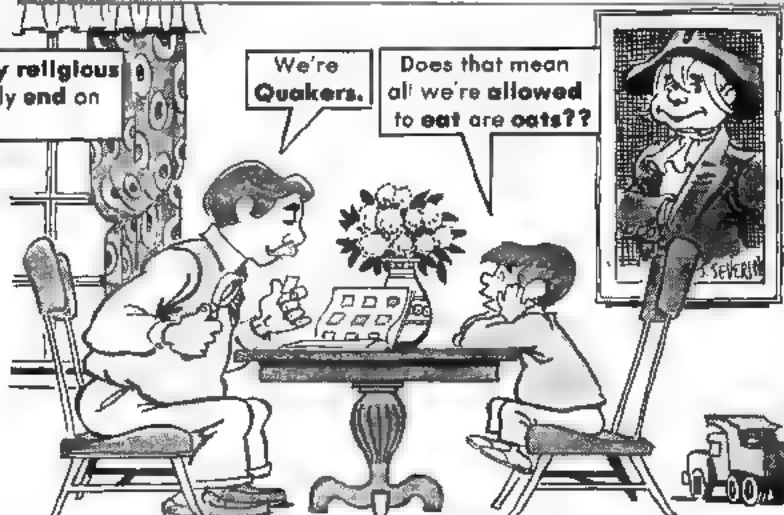
Wendy Simmons

RELIGION

What are we? Well, we're members of a tiny religious sect who believe that the earth will probably end on Tuesday.

We're Quakers.

Does that mean all we're allowed to eat are oats??



Harold, can we order my new glasses today?

MONEY

Having a drawing to see which 3 of our 22 credit card bills we're gonna pay this month

What are you doing?



Sorry, Charlene, but we're still \$12 short. A few more months of quarters into the piggy marked "4-eyes" and you'll have them.

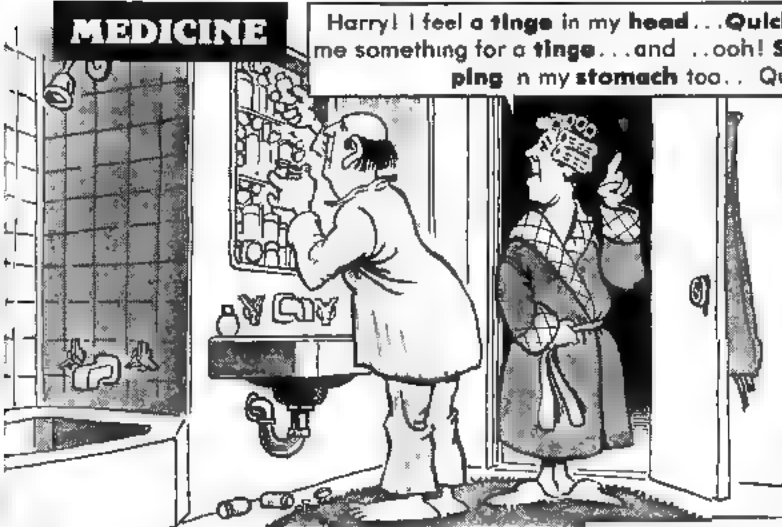


MEDICINE

Harry! I feel a tinge in my head... Quick! Quick! Give me something for a tinge... and... ooh! Something for a ping in my stomach too... Quick!

Can I get you something for that pain?

It's not that (ugh) bad (ooh) dear. Wait until it's absolutely (ugh) necessary.



FURNITURE

Mommy, do we gotta have this plastic on the couches?

It's for protection! What are we made of... money? .. Get new things every year!!! And don't eat in the living room!

Why not?

You wanna spill something and spoil the plastic covers?

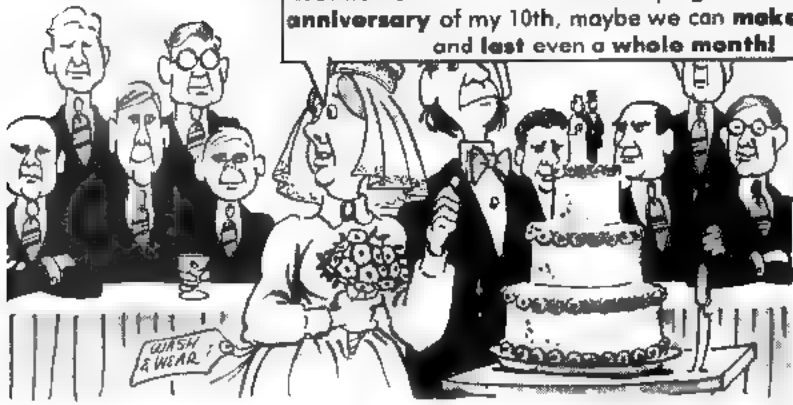
We just got it this morning—it's by a French designer and it cost a fortune. Come on in. Sit down.

I'd love to—only, one question. Which ones are they?



MARRIAGE

I just wanna thank all of you for coming to my 10th wedding anniversary. Throughout the years, I've had 9 wonderful husbands and I'm hoping that with this, the anniversary of my 10th, maybe we can make a go of it and last even a whole month!



Happy 23rd Anniversary!!
Are you surprised?

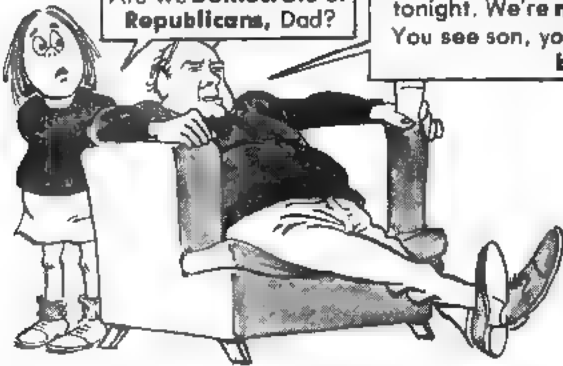
I'll say—it's not until next month.



POLITICS

Are we Democrats or Republicans, Dad?

Well son, last week we were liberal Republicans. At the beginning of this week we were conservative Democrats and, tonight, we're moderate Confederates. You see son, you gotta stick to what you believe in.

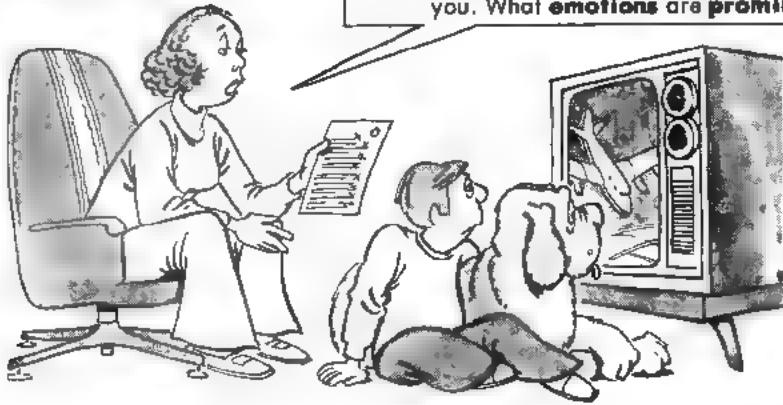


Gimmie that, you little traitor. My father was a Democrat, I'm a democrat and you're gonna be a Democrat, Frankie, whether you like it or not!



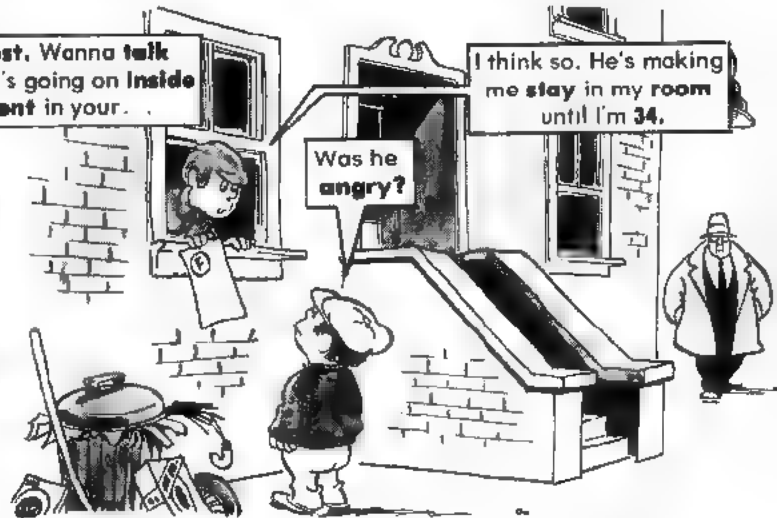
SCHOOLING

Why, Zorrol! You got a zero on this test. Wanna talk about it? ..Wanna describe to me what's going on inside you. What emotions are prominent in your...



I think so. He's making me stay in my room until I'm 34.

Was he angry?



NAMES

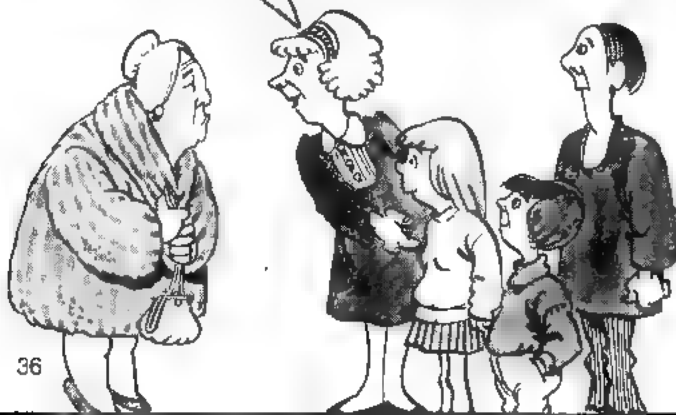
And this is my daughter Joellen and my sons, Bollini and Timb... with a 'b'.

What did you name him?

Frank Jr.—like his father.

But aren't your other two boys also named Frank?

Well yeah, but that was after their uncle and grandfather!



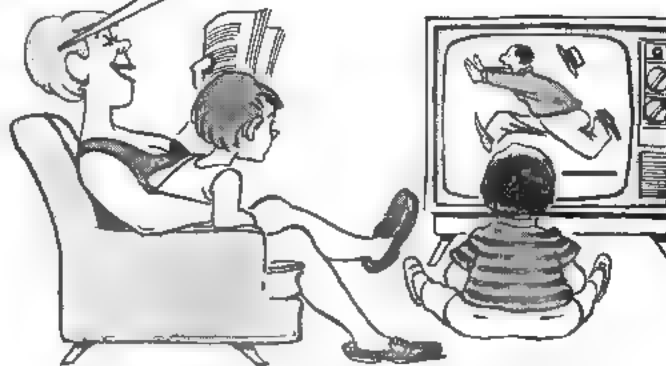
READING TO KIDS

Mommy, read me a story.

In a minute. First mommy has to make out the PTA fashion show menu and then I have to arrange the finals for my bowling league and then



And the wolf said to the gingerbread man "You can run, you can run, as fast as you can, but I'll "



PRESENTS

Happy Birthday, Debbie. This is for your room.

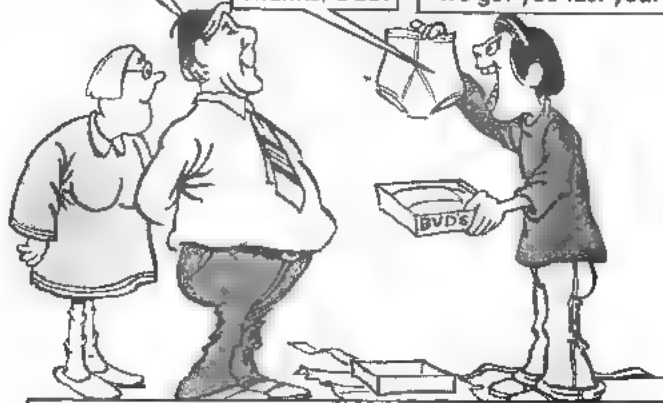
Now use it wisely.



Happy 14th Birthday, son.

Wow! Underwear! Thanks, Dad!

Well, your mother and I knew how much you liked the 12 pairs we got you last year.



HOLIDAYS

Well, Clare is with her boyfriend in Seattle, Basil is in Denver, I'm going to Florida and Harry is going to California.

What are you doing for New Year's?



He's in the army, Dad.

I don't care. He should have pleaded for a furlough to be with his family for the holidays.

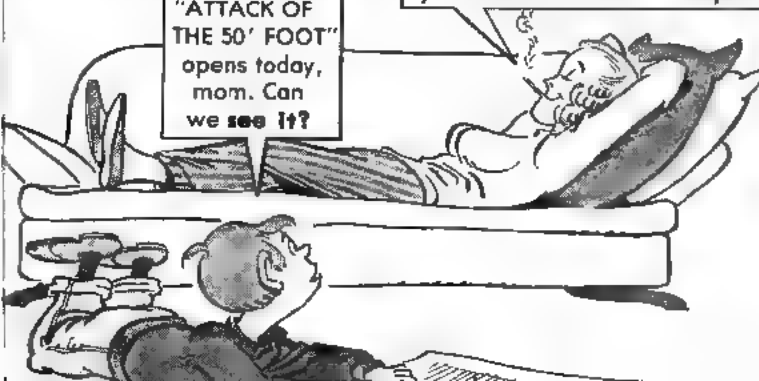
But Dad—it's only Ground Hog's Day.



ENTERTAINMENT

"ATTACK OF THE 50' FOOT" opens today, mom. Can we see it?

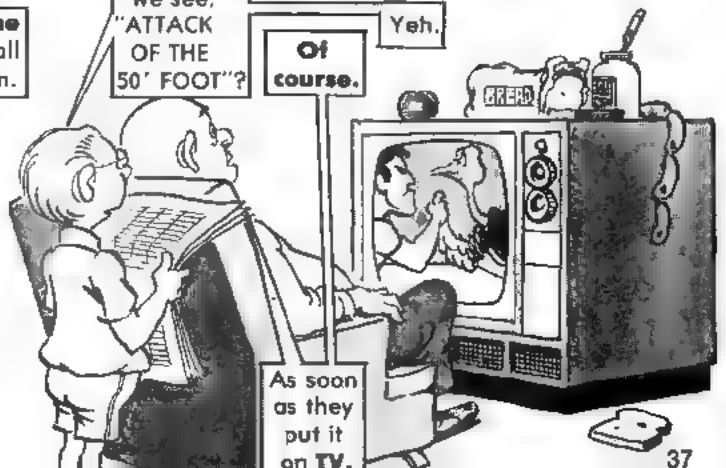
Of course! You've got to be the first one on the block. How else can you brag to all your friends and ruin the plot for them.



Dad, can we see "ATTACK OF THE 50' FOOT"?

Of course.

Yeh.



As soon as they put it on TV.

A DOG'S DAY AFTERNOON



A resort where robots catered to the fantasies of vacationing guests was the theme of a popular movie called "Westworld." A few years later, the same idea burst upon the television scene. In television's ever-undying quest for original material, the people in the Industry thought this was a uniquely inspired move. (These were the people in the fishing line, tackle & hook industries.) After all, the big difference in the television version was that the robots were eliminated, and the remaining parts to be played were filled in by run-of-the-mill TV actors. Given the acting ability of most of these performers, however, this difference could hardly be noticed in...

FUNNIEST ISLAND



The playeen!
The play-eeen!

Not "playeen"
Tartar.
plane!

Yes, Boss!
Sorry, Boss!

What a
fanny
accent
you have,
my leetle
friend!

I
thought
you were
ze one
with ze
funny
accent,
Boss!

That ees enough,
Tartar... our first
guest has
arrived. Doze
the nome **Meek
Spineless** mean
anytheeng to
you?

I
nevair
heard
of heem
before!

And well that you haven't because
he ees a **nobody!** A leetle meek-
sop of a weakling who has been
peeked on all his life! Ever seenz
he can remember -actually, ever
seenz he saw "Rocky"—he has
weeshed to be the **greatest boxer**
in the **world!** Eef we can satisfy his
deezire, Tartar, not only weel we
have made heem very happy, we
will have performed a major
meeracle!

BERT, I DON'T
KNOW HOW
YOU TALKED
ME INTO
THIS
FANTASY!

M-Mr. Rogue, after this v-visit, I hope
I'll be **charming, self-assured** and
suave... in other words, I hope I'll be
just like **you!**

Make up your mind
Meester Spineless... you
cannot be **both.**

Have
you met
Tartar?

A pleasure...
OWWWW! Watch
m-my hand, you
brute you!

I'm **so** sorry, Meester Spineless... my
leetle friend doesn't know his own
strength! Please enjoy your sta—
YEEOWW! My hand! I've never felt
such **power!**

R-reawilly? Oh, my!

SEVERIN



Clevair, Boss! You made heem theenk he ees not such a weakling when you faked your hand being hurt.

What faked? My hand is **totally squashed!** Ohh, that smart!



Ah, eet ees the well-known feminist, **Gloria Staynumb!** We are glad to have you on Fonniest Island, Miss Staynumb!

Miss? How do you know I'm not married?

I see Mrs. Staynumb!

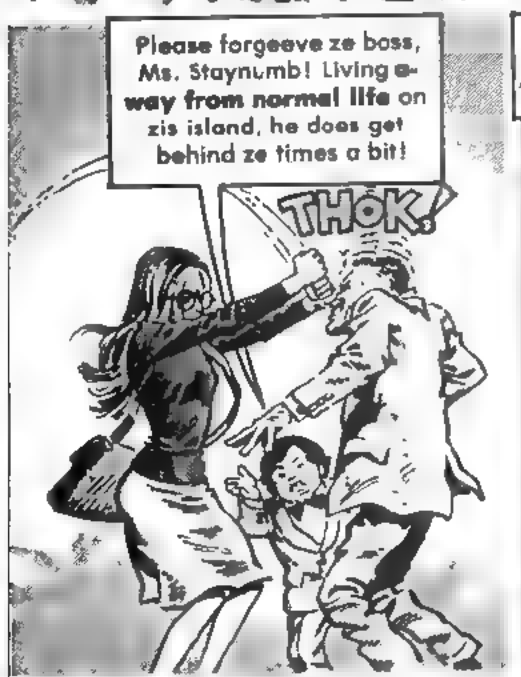
No, no, not Mrs. Staynumb either! Is this fair? When you address a **man**, do you distinguish whether he is married or not?

IF I KISS YOU, WILL YOU REALLY TURN INTO A HAND-SOME PRINCE?

REEBIT!

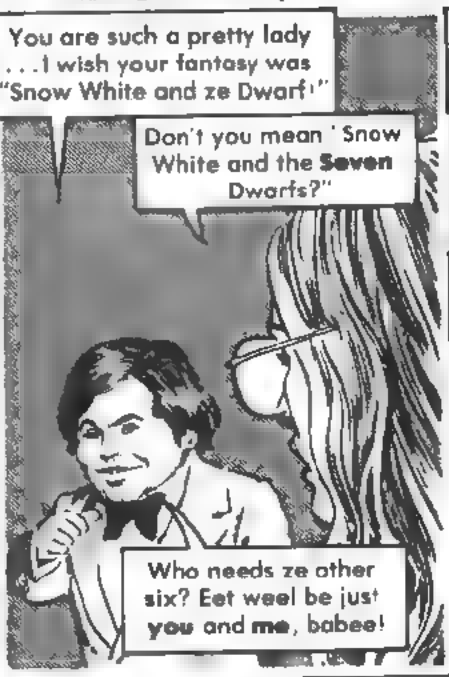
SKI FUNNIEST ISLAND

Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry... I just deed not **realize!** I hope you wee accept my apology, **MEESTER Staynumb!**



Please forgive ze boss, Ms. Staynumb! Living away from normal life on zis island, he does get behind ze times a bit!

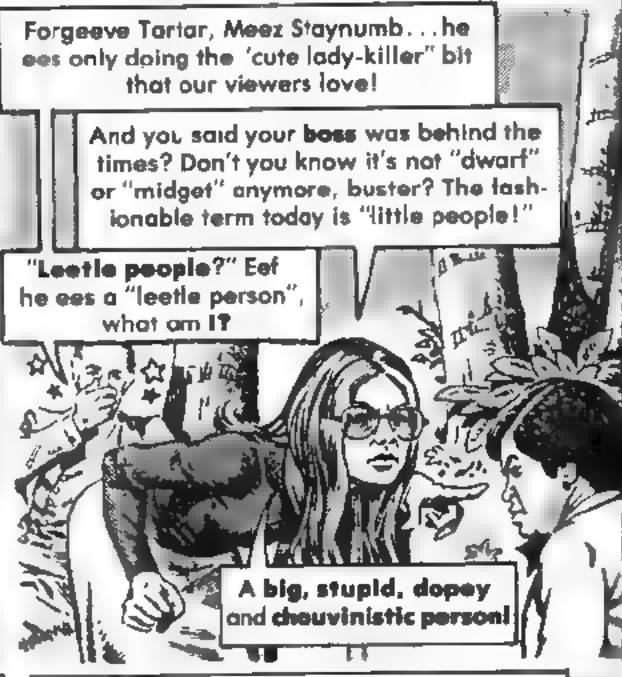
THOK!



You are such a pretty lady... I wish your fantasy was "Snow White and ze Dwarf!"

Don't you mean "Snow White and the **Seven Dwarfs?**"

Who needs ze other six? Eet weel be just you and me, babee!



Forgive Tartar, Meez Staynumb... he ees only doing the "cute lady-killer" bit that our viewers love!

And you said your boss was behind the times? Don't you know it's not "dwarf" or "midget" anymore, buster? The fashionable term today is "little people!"

"Little people?" Eet he ees a "little person", what am I?

A big, stupid, dopey and chauvinistic person!



As we agreed, my fantasy is to go back to the days of Sherwood Forest—in the times when **men** were almost **totally in control!** I want to be sort of an "avenger", giving the women of those times **hope** and showing the men that women could be more than their equals! Leading a band of outlaw women, I will naturally be known as...

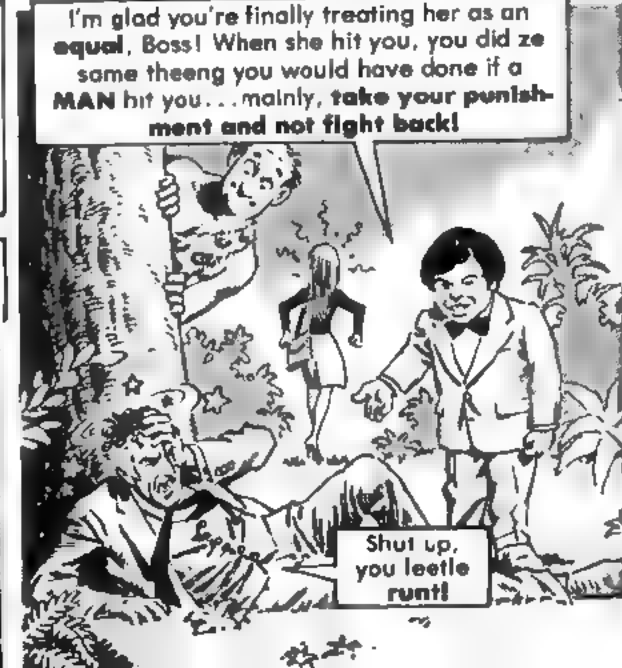
LOOK! SKY-WRITING!

"Robiness Hood!"

Why must you add **ess'** to make something female? Besides, "Robin" is a **feminine** name!

GEORGE, YOU COME DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE AND PUT THIS ON!!

Of course I meant "Robin Hoodess"



I'm glad you're finally treating her as an **equal**, Boss! When she hit you, you did ze same theeng you would have done if a **MAN** hit you... mainly, **take your punishment and not fight back!**

Shut up, you little runt!

Can I really beat up **anyone** I want, and can you arrange for a **real boxer** to fight me this evening?

Yes, but beware, **Meester Spineless**... What truly counts is not the amount of **strength** a person has, but his **personaleety**, his **deesposition**...

Oh, dear, perhaps I've made a mistake Mr. Rogue. Please make a change.

Ah, you have realized the folly of your **deezire**?

No, just change the fight to this **afternoon**! I can't wait to (hee hee) **pulverize** this poor brute!

We must rescue a member of our band—she's scheduled to be **hanged** at 2.05 by the Sheriff of Nothingdom!

We should be **very, very careful**, or else the Sheriff might capture us too! At 2 o'clock, 5 minutes before the hanging, everyone will meet at the Central Park Zoo.

Central Park Zoo? Isn't that 5,500 miles away in **New York City**?

I told you, we have to be very carefull!

NEXT TIME I GO ON VACATION, I PICK DISNEYLAND!

Uh... that's a good start! Just remember, aim a little **HIGHER** next time!

TWONG!

You must be Robin Hood. We're your band of "**Weary Women**"! I'm **Frier Teets** this is **Little Joan** and at the end there is your **loving sweetheart** think of him as the counterpart of "**Maid Marion**"!

But that's a **butler**!

You rang, mawdam?

In order to save her, you must **split** the rope with an arrow.

W-what? I never used a bow and arrow before.

Don't worry, you're on **Funnest Island**! Mr. Rogue knows you're playing Robin Hood, and he's arranged for you to be the **favorite marksman** in these parts

Is that a fact?

Well, truthfully, my favorite is **Groucho**, and Little Joan here feels **Harpo's** the best!

Mr. Rogue, I'm just having a **ball**, playing Robin Hood and I'm planning on coming to **Funnest Island** on my next vacation, with a brand new fantasy!

Fine! Remember, **anytheeng** is possible on **Fonniest Island**, where your wildest dreams come true!

I wanna be **World Ruler**, with two **billion** slaves ready to heed my **every bidding**!

ARENA

Like I was saying, **almost anytheeng** is possible on **Fonniest Island**!

MY FANTASY IS TO BE A **CHILD PRODIGY**!

Please don't bite your nails so much, Meester Spineless. How would we give your stomach a **manicure**? Don't worry, I'm **certain** you can lick heem with only **one hand**!

I-I-I can?

Most assured-ly! But first, you must ask heem if he **ees** weeling to **fight** you with only **one hand**!

Mr. Rogue... I was just w-wondering... how did you round up this **huge audience**?

You forget, Meester Spineless... you are not the only one on this island with a **fantasy**! You won't **believe** how many people pay good vacation money to have their fantasies of being a **boxing spectator** finally come true!

Oh dear! What in incredible **coincidence** to have **thousands** of these people at one time!

Actually, all except 4 are hired through the **Screen Extras Guild**! Weeth those **union wages** to deal weeth, how my island continues to **exceed** only my accountant knows!

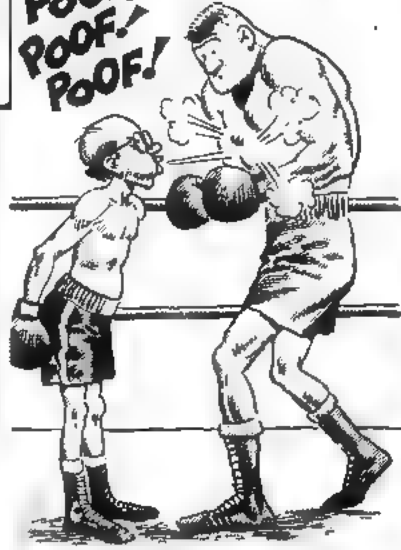


BLONG!

Oh dear! T-theres the b-bell! Perhaps we should settle this f-fight in the letters page of **The News**!

No, Meester Spineless! Remember, you **cannot lose**! Just geeve him **blow after blow**!

POOF! POOF! POOF!



I...I thought you said I **couldn't lose**!

In your best eenterest, I had to geeve you a **meestruth**! Perhaps **now** you weel realize your fantasy was best left **unfulfeeled**. You see, Meester Spineless, I wanted to **show** you your brains are all that matters. As long as you are able to **theenk**, you musn't feel a need to beat up **anybody**!

But I **do** feel a need to beat up somebody... **YOU**, you **exacrabable fraud**!!

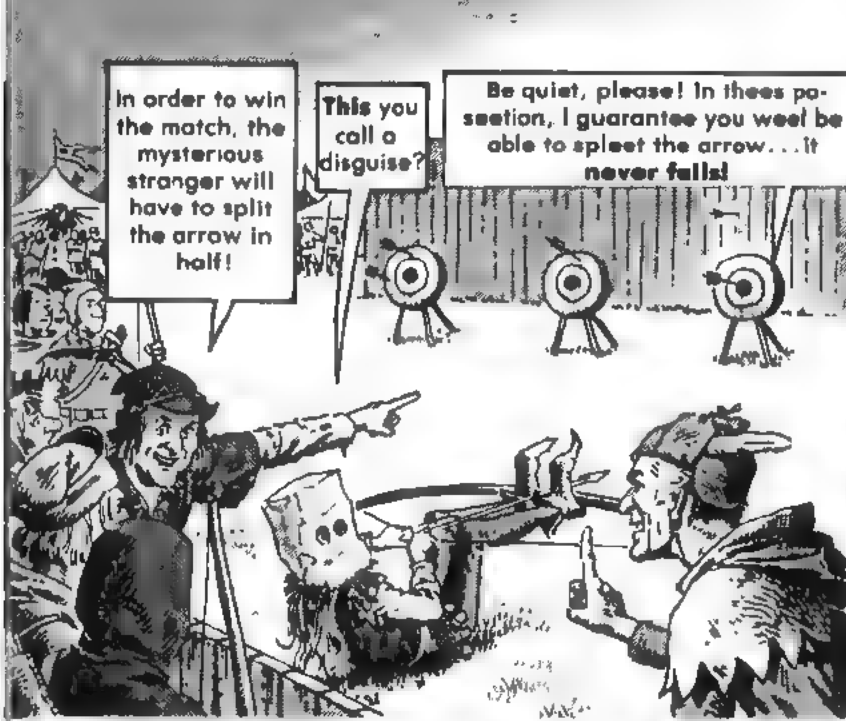
Mr. Rogue, I demand my money back!

Oh no! Not you too!

You've failed to live up to your part in my fantasy! As Robin Hood, I'm supposed to compete in the King's **private archery match**...but I can't hit anything.



Please—don't ask for a refund! I weel show you what you want! But first you weel need a **deesquise**...



In order to win the match, the mysterious stranger will have to split the arrow in half!

This you call a disguise?

Be quiet, please! In thees possession, I guarantee you weel be able to spleet the arrow... it never falls!



She did it! She split the arrow!

Why... her disguise hath fallen off! 'Tis that varlet herself, Robin Hood!



King, I'd like to speak to you about equal opportunity for the women of Nothingdom! You must respect our rights!

NEVER!



Then you must respect our left!

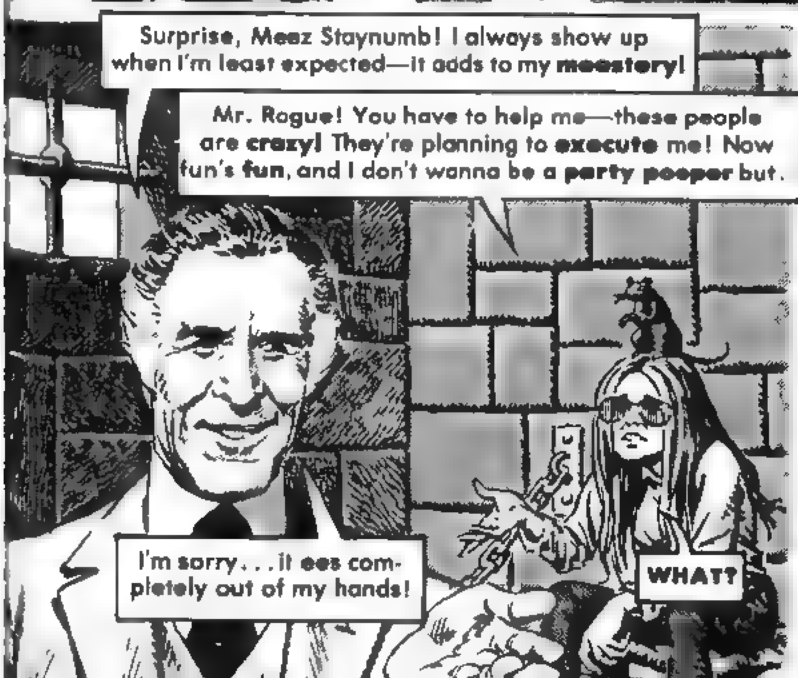
KLOP!



Zounds! Thou art indeed the most villainous of villainesses! I sentence thee to DEATH!

Why are you talking so funny, fella? And what is this about DEATH? C'mon, grow up... come back to the 20th century! You're only a fellow vacationer, living out his fantasy, just like me! This game is over. I don't wanna play anymore!

Awright, I may not really be the King of Nothingdom! I may only be a garbageman from Toledo, Ohio, but I still wanna play! And I say you're gonna DIE!

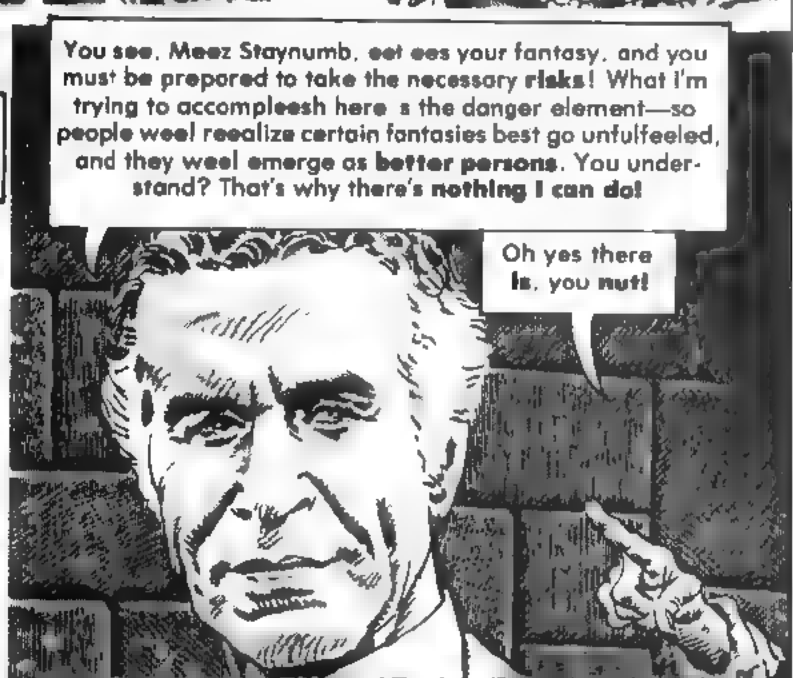


Surprise, Meez Staynumb! I always show up when I'm least expected—it adds to my meestery!

Mr. Rogue! You have to help me—these people are crazy! They're planning to execute me! Now fun's fun, and I don't wanna be a party pooper but...

I'm sorry... it ees completely out of my hands!

WHAT?



You see, Meez Staynumb, eet ees your fantasy, and you must be prepared to take the necessary risks! What I'm trying to accomplish here s the danger element—so people weel realize certain fantasies best go unfulfeeld, and they weel emerge as better persons. You understand? That's why there's nothing I can do!

Oh yes there is, you nut!

CRACKED is keeping your cookbooks in the refrigerator so like recipes will stay fresh!

RACE RACE!
Or the Boss
gets it!

(Gasp) Do as she says... thees
woman has a strong head
and (choke), an arm to
match!

Well, Tartar, another day, another refund!

I weesh I could be like you, Boss! Debonair, yet
ruthless! Setting ze rules on Funniest Island and
changing zem as only you can please!

All too true, Tartar, You have **every** right to be jealous of one
all-knowing and all-powerful. We may not agree on a lot, but
that's one thing we see eye to eye on!

More like eye to kneel!

Mr. Rogue, is it possible
to have another fantasy?

Remember—you pay n advance,
what you can **afford**! How much
can you afford?

\$1 39!

I want to know what it is
to be a **millionaire**.

That can be arranged... we can
provide the ideal setting, sur-
round you weeth all sorts of
extravogant...

Nah, that'll be all **phony**.
It won't work!

Well, what do you suggest?

Tartar, thees ees the end! We're
cleaned out, Fonniest Island is **feen-
ished**! Oh, I'd give **anytheeng** to be
able to stay!

Don't worry, Boss! My life's
savings can take care of our
debt! But in ordair for you
to have zis money, you must
grant me **my** fantasy!

Anytheeng, just name it, Tar-
tar, my wonderful leetle friend!

Eet ees a **deeli**!

Give me a million dollars!

The plane!
The pi a one!

Not plane, Rogue,
you little idiot
playeent!

Yes, Boss!
Sorry, Boss!

TH'END

Greetings! This is Nancy Dickering welcoming you to the last few pages of **CRACKED** where this month I'll be poking into something everyone has, but nobody wants—except the man you're about to meet when

CRACKED

INTERVIEWS THE GARBAGE KING



Standing next to me is my guest for today—Mr. Randy Refuse. Good afternoon, sir.

O.K. Get it out of your system, honey. Ask me if business is picking up.

Or if we get to keep everything we collect.

But you said you were from **CRACKED**.

But

Mr. Refuse, I'm not here to make jokes.

True. However this is the part of our magazine where we ferret out corruption... expose incompetence...

Go on! You're just here to make fun of me and my garbage!

Really I'm

STILL AIN'T SURE THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN

RE-CYCLING AREA

DUMP HERE TODAY

UGLY OLD BIRD... AIN'T SHE

I'LL GET MY HUSBAND FOR THIS! I'LL GET HIM!

A BIRD OF PARADISE, SHE AIN'T

What'd you do that for?

To prove to you that this is nothing more than a hard hitting interview.





So, tell me sir, why is there so much **garbage** in the world today?

Well, one reason is because things are so **overpackaged**.

For example, here's a typical **MacDaniels** lunch for one. You've got a **wrapper** around the burger which is placed in a **box**, a **container** for the fries, a **cup**, a **lid**, a **straw**—**paper** around the straw, a **napkin**, a **placemat**... all of which is split up into **two bags**!

Amazing. All that for one person?!!

And that's discounting the **biggest garbage** of all.

What's that?

The **food**!



Before you hinted at a **second reason** for so much rubbish. What would that be?

The **lack of pride** that people take in making things.

Look at the **stuff** we find on **people's curbs**. Over there—a **2-year-old T.V.**

No, I think it's a **Zenith**.

That's a **sin**.

GENI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHY DOESN'T ANYONE EVER THROW CRACKED AWAY?

GARBAGE IS A WASTE



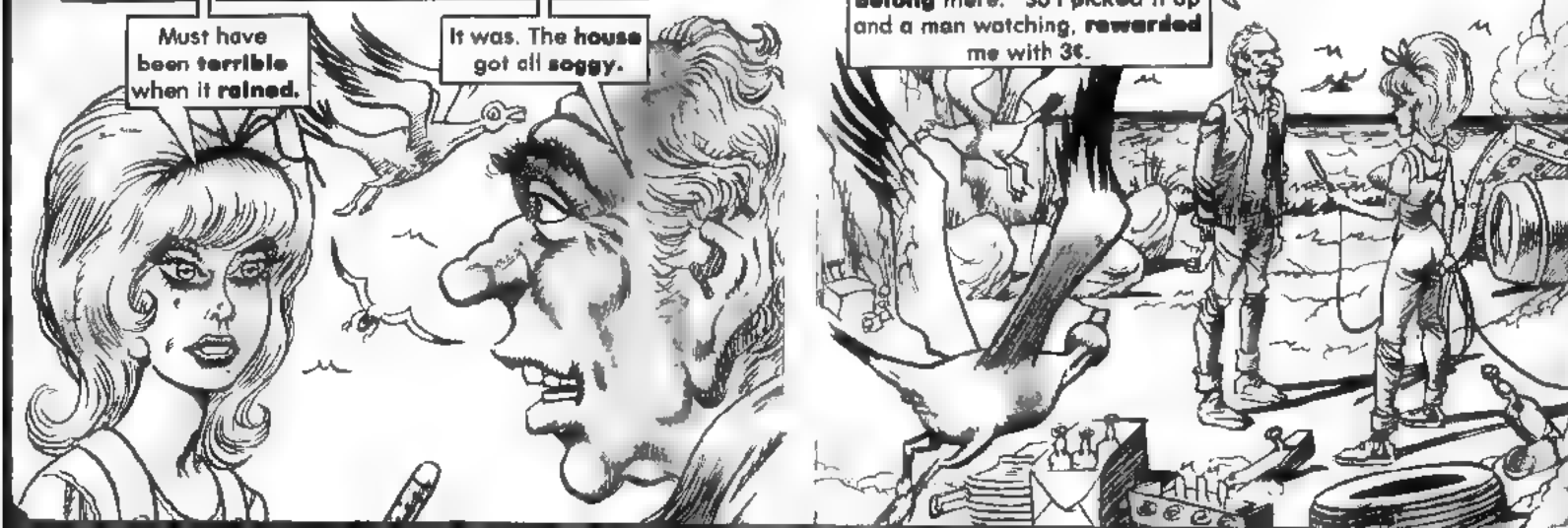
How did you **get into garbage**?

Well, I was born of **poor parents**—out of work—no money. We lived in a **cardboard box** behind a **bus station**.

Must have been **terrible** when it **rained**.

It was. The **house** got all **soggy**.

Well, one day I was **walking down a road** when I spotted an **ice cream stick**. And I said to myself, "**Self, that doesn't belong there.**" So I picked it up and a man watching, **rewarded me with 3¢**.



Well, several weeks later I saw an **orange pit**, picked that up and another man rewarded me. Months later I figured, why not do it as a **living**? So, I **bought a truck** and before I knew it, I owned **750,000** and the **business** you see here today.

That's an **incredible story**!

Yeah, that's what I thought when the **PR department** brought it to me.

You mean it isn't true?!!

Ah... **NO!**

MANUSCRIPT
THE RANDY
REFUSE STORY
OR HOW I MADE
CASH FROM
TRASH

O.K.,
give me
the real
version.

I inherited the company from my father—but the climb up was tough. I had to drive a truck for nearly a week before he promoted me to **President**.

Can you explain to my readers just how your business works?

Certainly. For a **small fee** charged to a city or private individual, my men go in and do a **thorough job** of **picking up** anything left on your curb.

Ah, Mr. Refuse, they're **ripping out** that **fire hydrant** over there.

See, I told you they do a **thorough job**.

Moving along. From the streets, the **litter** is driven to one of my **landfill sites** where it's buried by experts.

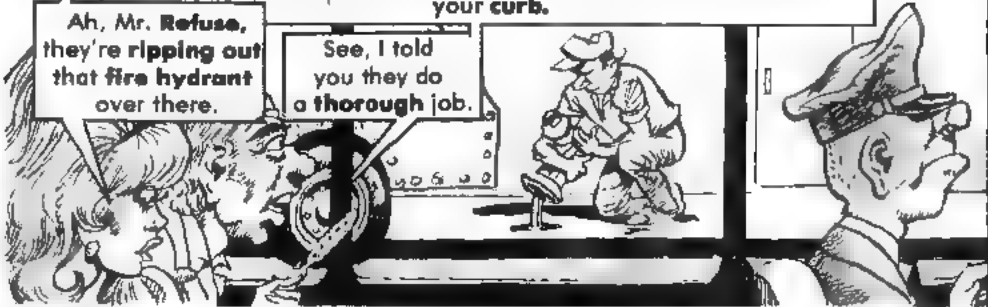
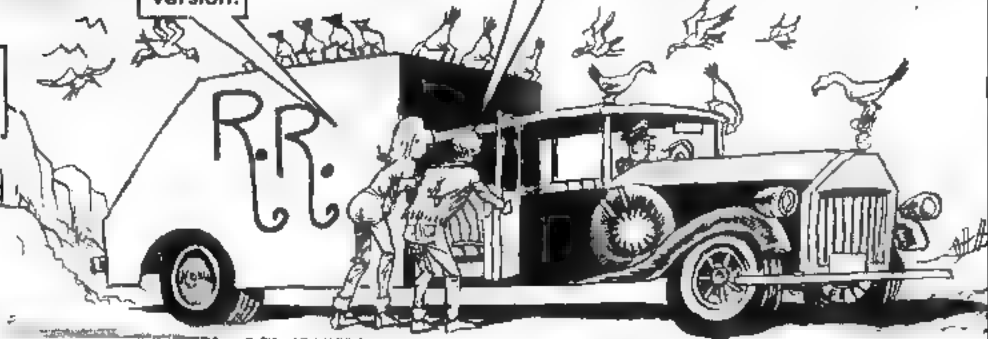
It's my **unders tanding** that we're running out of places like that to **discard** our trash.

Correct. And that's why my men are constantly **scouting** for **new places** to **dump the junk** we collect. By the way, you wouldn't happen to have a **spare room** at your house that you're not using?

O.K. RED, DUMP, THE MAIL TRUCK'S GONE!

I'm afraid not.

And the search goes on.



Which brings us to an interesting question. What do we do, Mr. Refuse, once we run out of landfill sites.

Well, over at RRG I.

What's that?

The Randy Refuse Garbage Institute—there we're developing new uses for the stuff.

THE
RANDY
REFUSE
GARBAGE
INSTITUTE

RANDY
REFUSE

SANITATION
CORP.

Daily, we're experimenting with turning garbage into fuel.

You mean one day I might throw my trash into my tank?!!

Precisely. Right now, however, we're having a few problems.

Like?

Like flies. These garbage-powered cars seem to attract them like crazy.

GARBAGE
POWERED

Which fuel do you think will get better mileage—the low lead I'm using now or your experimental high test?

Your gas is as good as mine!

Now over here, we're attempting to convert trash into an edible substance that teenagers should love.

Why's that?

It's real junk food!

GARBAGE
CUPCAKE
DOUGH

I gather that **garbage fascinates** you.

Oh, it does. For example, did you know that you could **pinpoint** almost exactly the **personality** of a **person** just by looking at his **trash**?

Really?

Come on, I'll **show** you.

Just **picking** a can at random, what do you see there?

A **mess**.

True. But in that **mess** we find that he **likes donuts**, **enjoys the theater**...

Probably has a **baby**...

And is **tall, strong** and **hates** people going through his **garbage**.

What **indicates** that to you?

His **face**. He's **standing** right **behind** you.

Sorry, sir.

Well, aside from nearly being **beaten to a pulp** by a **250 lb.** hockey player, it's been a **fascinating** afternoon Mr. Refuse, and I guess that's about it.

Thank you for coming, Nanny—oh, let me throw that **gum wrapper** away for you.

How kind.

And this is Nanny Dickering saying...

Here you go. What's **that**?
My **bill** for **trash removal**.

You **charged** me for **throwing** that **gum wrapper** away???

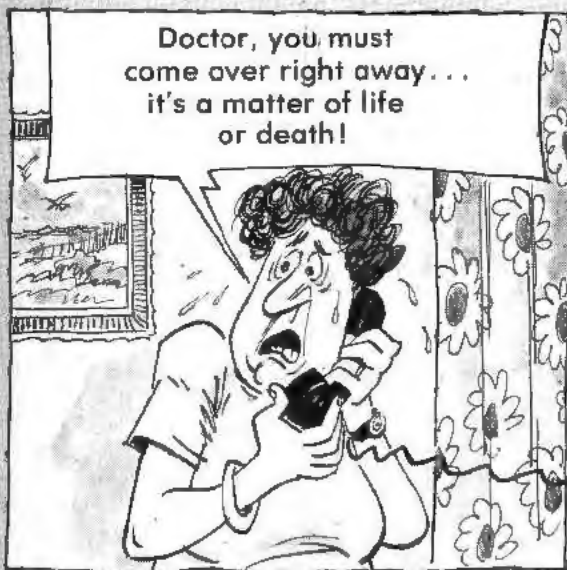
Well, you didn't think I was doing it to be **nice**, did you? It's my **business**!

Ah, folks, you wanna **move on** to the **Shut-Ups**? I don't think the next words out of my mouth are gonna be Ta Ta... **Now**, about **this bill**, you little **con** artist...

BILL

now
due
due
due
due
Randy
Refuse

SHUT-UPS



WARNING

THIS ROOM

PROTECTED BY

GREAT MOMENTS SPORTS

BONGO, CONGO

AUGUST 4

1837



HOWARD
NOSTRAND

MOMODOU OBUDA
INVENTS THE 100 YARD DASH.